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PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.
AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS

V.E.C
M25 17r

FIDELE AND FORTUNIO
THE TWO ITALIAN GENTLEMEN

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16/9/12

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 15]
1909

PR
2719
M6F4
1909

This reprint of the *Two Italian Gentlemen* has been prepared by Percy Simpson and checked by the General Editor.

Mar. 1910. W. W. Greg.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company is found the following entry:

12/ Novembris/ [1584]

Receaued of him for printinge a booke entituled fedele et fortuna. The deceiptes in love Discoursed in a Commedia of ij Italyan gent and translated into Englishe./ . . . . . vj^{d}/ Thomas Hackett/

[Arber's Transcript, II. 437.]

There can be no doubt that this is the play now printed from the unfortunately imperfect quarto at Chatsworth, and very little that it is Hacket's original edition that thus survives. In the absence, however, of the title-page, it is impossible to say how closely the entry followed the wording of the original: evidently the names were Fedele and Fortunio, while the words 'Two Italian Gentlemen' occur both in the head and running titles. The exact extent of the imperfection cannot now be determined, but the extant six sheets signed B to G include the beginning of the text and almost bring the action to a conclusion at the end, so that it is highly probable that not more than two half-sheets A and H are missing. This would give an arrangement similar to that of *Patient Grissell*, a play to which, in spite of a probable difference in date of fifteen years, the present bears a close typographical resemblance. The quarto is printed in an ordinary black letter of a body resembling modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), interspersed with roman. For reasons already explained in the case of *Patient Grissell* this has been rendered in the reprint by thin-leaded type of a body one size smaller.

In the original is inserted a cutting from a sale catalogue which runs as follows: '4642—The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie devices of Captaine Crack-stone, in black letter, unique, from Mr. Inglis's collection, imperfect,

green morocco.' This is the entry of the play in the second part of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, the lot having been sold on 25 June 1834, when it fetched £20. The purchaser was Rodd, and the copy was clearly that acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. As stated, Heber's copy had previously belonged to John Bellingham Inglis, and it is thus entered in his anonymous sale-catalogue of 'Old Plays,' dated 12 April 1826: '140 The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of Two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie Devices of Captaine Crack-stone (wants title and ending) black letter, unique, circa 1580.' At this sale it was purchased by Thorpe for £9 12*s*.

There is an allusion to the play by Nashe in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, where Importuno says: 'Yet for all he [i.e. Gabriel Harvey] is such a vaine *Basilisco* and *Captaine Crack-stone* in all his actions & conuersation, & swarmeth in vile Canniball words, there is some good matter in his booke against thee' (1596, sig. Q1^{v}).

The piece is adapted from an Italian play by Luigi Pasqualigo entitled *Il Fedele*, of which another and closer version is found in Abraham Fraunce's Latin comedy, preserved in manuscript at Penshurst, to which modern scholars have given the title *Victoria*.

22. wh en
40. haunt (hunt?)
76. prima
86. acqaintance,
99. Ik (¶Ik)
100. longer:
102. ſtay:
107. loueyou,
108. knew,
110. ſmiters:
117. quick:
122. other
131. Schoolmaiſter.
132. Iniunctionis (?)
137. a ſleep?
166. verſificautes (verſificantes.)
175. rod, (?)
194. Iflooue (?)
211 c.w. Oh (¶Oh)
260. again.
270. prima
tertia,
278. thouſad . . . . bee,
285. Pamphila,
c.w. Miſtres (¶Miſtres)
286. A ttilia.
293. kno we (?)
314. what's
328. place,
340. deſires:
360. Batte. (a space before the stop)
362. inuiſible,
c.w. You (¶You)
363. Victoria,
364. ſik, (?)
366. beholdethe
374. down.
386. Exeunt
404. be gin. (?)
405. Porcum.
-gooſorumioſtibus (?)
406. Fede (Fede-)
447. d'auenire
448. ch'io . . . m'increſce
450. m'amate,
452. in (in-)
457. rob'd
473 c.w. were (Were)
503. harme:
505. play:
510. Victoria,
542. good.
563. Temapttor, (Temptator,? cf. l. 629)
571. ſighes. (ſighes, i.e. sighs)
580. haoue bought
583 c.w. Haue (¶Haue)
588. dye:
595. this (s damaged)
596. him come, (an accidental mark between the words, resembling a hyphen)
602. ho, ho. ho.
632. victoria
702. Ima (Ima-)
731. Nowcounſaile
735. wll
739. ADio. (?)
755. heer
756. Il'e
771. meete,

785. delitious,
786. ye,
787. loue,
789. delight,
790. Attlia.
795. Ah,
805. Aedipus,
808. frame,
812, 829, 831, 841. Crack-ſt
833. Sir:
834. Crack-
842 c.w. How (¶How)
846. choose rather (an accidental mark between the words, resembling a comma)
861. mee,
865. tertia,
876. maid:
878. prooue
c.w. Ye (Yet)
887. dwell.
888. greeue.
911. loue.
917. liuing (liuing)
929. T'is . . . praise worthy
930. I' le (I'le)
935. desert. (desart.)
Verg. (Virg.)
944. Seena
955. demonſtratiuam,
958. tongues
959. T'is
967. flores.
970. forgot,
976, 980, 983, 985, 987. pedante.
977. Fedele,
979. liue,
982. well,
983. tell,
986. In deede (?)
Fedele·
988. see.
993. there,
1013. Sir, If
1019. rascolly
1054. diua (dira ?)
1056, 1062. Crack-ſt
1057. t'is
1061, 1070. T'is
1092, 1094. pedante.
1092. mistresse,
1093. it,
1103. pamphila.
1104. shame.
1105 c.w. ‡No (1106. ¶No)
1108. moste.
1112. remoued.
1114. Isput
1115. ‡And
1117. ‡Whereof
1124. pamphila.
1138. free.
1142. t'is
1155. creake,
1159. me,
1171. breste,
1179. hande,
c.w. So (¶So)
1183. deuise,
1185. anon,
1190. Victoria,
1191. Fortunio,
1199. T'is
1200. a sleepe.
1201. ¶But (But)
1207. cleare,
1208. Victoria,
1223. T'is

1234. hell.
1247. Mytoyle
1255. woꝛdes,
1256. Fortunio,
1258. mighſt
1259. behinde,
1268. Calles (Calles, i.e. cauls)
1288. pleaſe,
1301. heer of
1331. Watchmē
1334. awoꝛde,
1340. gr[ ]teſt (small hole in paper)
1393. Crack-ſt
1394. a ſleepe,
1395. T'is
1399. afrezado, (?)
1411. vn (vn-)
1412. Victorla (?) . . . pray,
1421, 1425, 1431. Crack-ſt
1432. chok'te
1447, 1451, 1459. Crack-ſt
1468. hers,
1471. night,
1497. lik'te
1505. T'is
1511. Crack-ſtone, (?)
1520. gane. (?)
1528. (leaue
1531. heer.
1532. appeare.
1543. Crack-ſt
1562. ſee,
1563. Victoria
1570. name,
1571. Crack-ſt.
1588. Crack-ſt
1589. T'is
1592. to wne (?)
1593. yourníes
1597. Crack-ſt,
1600. Crack-ſt.
1624. is,
1629. ſlitte,
1634. ende,
1635. freende,
1636. vndone,
1651. dowe,
1653. Crack-ſt
1654. ¶I (I)
1663. ſpeede,
1666. ſit? (ſit.)
1693. redeemde.
1694. a ſleepe,
1705. woꝛldagaine.
1708. ioy? (ioy.)
1725. foꝛ giue
1726. T'is
1729. Crack-ſt,
1735. Genlewomās
1738. bleede.
1747. Promi'ſte
1750, 1756, 1773. Crack-ſt
1755. buttes,
1757. ſee.
1759. iniurie,
1764. fo? (?)

Speakers' names, printed in the margin as runners, are liable to shift even if originally correct, which was not always so. In the following cases the name appears half a line, more or less, too high: ll. 79, 392-3, 426, 1076-7, 1539. In others the name appears half a line, more or less, too low: ll. 286-9, 292-6 (almost a whole line too low), 308-15,

521-7, 882-900, 918-946, 1103, 1193-9, 1305-1320, 1364-70, 1442-76. To this latter list should be added the cases of the directions at ll. 206 and 452-4, which may be intentional. Minor irregularities are frequent but are not worth recording.

The word 'Actus' is consistently treated as a feminine. The punctuation is often irregular. It has not been noted in the list except where it is seriously misleading or fails to mark the ends of speeches. It should be noticed that in the earlier portion in particular a colon is frequently used where we should expect only a comma. Commas are not infrequent at the ends of speeches in rapid dialogue, but all cases have been noted. A typographical peculiarity, which will be seen in the facsimiles, is the ligatured ee and oo. In the case of the ee ligature the first e bears an acute accent. The origin of this peculiar sort, which appears in a good many English black-letter founts, is not known, but as it is without present significance it has been disregarded in the reprint.

The margins of the original quarto have been somewhat closely cropped in binding, with the result that a few of the speakers' names have been cut into. Where sufficient of a letter remains to enable it to be readily identified no notice of the mutilation has been taken, where this is not the case resort has been had to brackets.

N.B.—A small error has crept into the line numbering, where 1319 is misprinted as 1119. Fortunately the misprint is an isolated one.

There are also six cases in which the text of the reprint has been found to be wrong. The correct readings are as follow:

405. ioftibus:	885. Pamphila[
619. Whats	1047. beggerly
847. yeeld.	1428. graincs (sic)

List of Characters

in order of entrance.

Fortunio.
Captain Crack-stone.
Pedante, tutor to Fedele.
Attilia, maid to Victoria.
Fedele.
Victoria.
Pamphila, maid to Virginia.
Medusa, an enchantress.
Virginia.
two Watchmen.
Sbirri, captain of the watch.
Ottaviano, father of Virginia.

The soldiers who enter with Sbirri at l. 1554 have no part, but are presumably the same as the watchmen of ll. 1309 and 1331. The scene is Naples.

The best thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who generously placed the original at the editor's disposal, as also to Mrs. S. A. Strong, till recently Librarian at Chatsworth, who was the first to report the whereabouts of the play, and kindly negotiated its temporary transfer to the British Museum.

The pleasaunt and fine

conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie deuises of
Captaine Crack-stone.

Actus prima. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-stone, Fortunio shewing very sad countenance.

HE that disclosetb to a frend the secrets of his minde: Fortunio.
Doth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,
That others councels wil by such in euery eare be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their (owne
Heauie and sad thow seest I am, but why my hart is sore:
Of curtesie content thy selfe and aske me that no more.
¶ Heauie in deed and as heauie as lead, Crack-stone.
Either it is some of these same bremy quauers, or some kinde of
pricksong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain
Heare you Maister Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleares and tormenters, that theise hands haue slain,
Do but scoure your minde to mee, and shut vp your greef:
Either Ile finde you some ease, or you shalbe hango for a theef.
You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carcas to the Jibbet, I had not been thus braue.
So now, if you venture not to shewe some trusty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dresser you finde.
And so peradventure you shall neuer be sped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supperlesse to
¶ How findeth he redresse, that breakes his minde vnto a fole? Fortunio.
Or what is learnd, where folly sets the wiser sorte to schole?

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mée,
Where shall I read it? light within the Temple I do sée.
¶ This gréeting me thinkes is none of the best: Pedante.
I sée by his countenaunce he likes not the rest.
¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so, Fedele.
Dye poore Fedele, life thou must forgoe.
¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mée? Pedante.
¶ Read it thy selfe and sée. Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio sarebbe ch'io non fusi nata, m'incresce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma piú mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodita del vederui, però se m'amate, non passate mai piú di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina.

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out worne, Pedante interpretsthe Letter.
,, My fortune is such, that it had béen better for mée
,, I had neuer béen borne.
,, I am sory that I can not stand to my word:
,, And more sory, that fortune to mée will not your presence afford.
,, Sith I am rob'd of your company whome moste I desire:
,, If you loue mée come no more this way,
,, for bréeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.
Héer is a sléeueles aunswer with all my hart,
You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.
¶ It cannot bée, but that Victoria hath an other loue: Fedele.
Therfore I purpose presently, her priuie sleights to proue.
¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe: Pedante.
It is impossible that should be true.
Your owne doubtfulnes tangles you still in the briers,
Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in showe,
which in déed shée desires.
Are all those horrible othes which so oft shée hath sworne,
Any likelihode that shée would leaue you forlorne?
Remember her teares and her pitifull lookes:
If shée loue you not still, I dare burne my bookes.
¶ No no, her othes and teares, and lookes, and all thou canst repeat Fedele.

 were

The pleaſaunt and fine

conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, vvith the merie deuiſes of
Captaine Crack-ſtone.

Actus prima. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-ſtone, Fortunio ſhewing very ſad countenance.

HE that diſcloſeth to a freend the ſecrets of his minde: Fortunio.
Dooth rob him ſelfe of libertie, beſides we dayly finde,
That others councels wil by ſuch in euery eare be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to ſmother all their (owne
Heauie and ſad thow ſeeſt I am, but why my hart is ſore:
Of curteſie content thy ſelfe and aſke me that no more.
¶ Heauie in deed and as heauie as lead, 10 Crack-
Either it is ſome of theſe ſame bremy quauers, or ſome kinde of ſtone.
prickſong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain:
Heare you Maiſter Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo=
By all the Poleaxes and tormenters, that theiſe hands haue ſlain,
Doo but ſcoure your minde to mee, and ſhut vp your greef:
Either Ile finde you ſome eaſe, or you ſhalbe hangd for a theef.
You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carcas to the Jibbet, I had not been thus braue.
So now, if you venture not to ſhewe ſome truſty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dreſſer you finde. 20
And ſo peraduenture you ſhall neuer be ſped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you muſt goe ſupperleſſe to
¶ How findeth he redreſſe, that breakes his minde vnto a foole? Fortunio.
Or what is learnd, where folly ſets the wiſer ſorte to ſchoole?

Yet sith he braues it with the best, in euery company:
And knowes where euery gallant loues, and sees the remedy,
I will not stick to let him knowe the secrets of my hart:
And make him partner of my pain, and priuie to my smart. 28
Doo you knowe Victoria?

Crack-stone. ¶ Doo not I knowe her? what think yee? (tance with mee?
As though ere a proper gentlewoman in Naples were out of quain-

Fortunio. ¶ Her haue I seen of late, and often by her windowe past:
From which shee let a letter fall, which taking vp in hast,
I read, and found within describde the frantique fits of looue:
Whether it were for mee, or any els I cannot prooue.
Whether she faine and baite her hookes the simple to beguile:
Cannot be found, till wit by line haue measured euery wile.
I knowe she loued Fedele once, before he went to Spain:
And meanes perhaps to loue him still, sith hee's returnd again.
Doo thou but sift him for my sake, and haunt out his desire: 40
And doutles thou shalt haue of mee, thy Captains pay for hire.

Crack-stone. ¶ If this be all Sir, let mee alone,
About your busnesse you may be gone.
I will feele Signior Fedeles minde very cunningly:
And return you an answer of this gear presently.

Fortunio. ¶ Gramercie, be trustye.

Crack-st. ¶ As trusty as steele:
I haue no fault but one, I am somwhat short in the heele.

Fortunio. ¶ Mi raccommando. Exit.

Crack-st. ¶ Basilus Codpeece for an olde Manus,
You shall not haue her at rack and maunger I trowe: 51
Somwhat by this for mine owne proportion I knowe.
When two bones are at strife for a dog, it is commonly seen:
That the third comes and takes it, and wipes their mouthes cleen.
I mean as you see mee in this braualitie:
To be a suter to Victoria with all prodigalitie. (while:
I brought Butter and Cheese hether to vittaile the Camp a great
Many times I would nick them of their measure,
and the Soldiers beguile.
Like a crafty knaue, by this meanes I got so much gain: 60
That I bought this apparell of a Captain that was slain.
And wearing the same abroad as you see:

The

The Soldiers all the town ouer, make a Captain of mee.
One calles mee Captain Cheese, an other Captain Crust:
An other braue Crack-stone, take which name ye lust.
The Gentlemen are euery one glad of my company: (mery.
Because I haue such a wilde worme in my hed, as makes them all
The women they loue mee, Victoria is cheeke:
But shee hath been somwhat strange of late, therfore to be breeke,
I thought some strawes were in the pad, that shee lookt so coy: 70
But now haue at her again, with a fresh hed in my toy.
I will first vnderpropn Sir Fedele his minde to vnderstand:
See good luck, his Schoolmaister and her Maid are at hand.
As bothe of them freendly togither doo walke:
I will sneke into a corner and hearken to their talke. step aside.

Actus prima Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante the Parasite, attired in a gown and cap like a Schoolmaister, and with him Attilia.

I Pray you maister Schoolmaister let me be gone: Attilia.
I haue haste on my way, I le be at home again anone. 80
¶ Sweet hart and bag pudding goe you so swiftly? Pedante.
Haue with you then, doo ye lack any company?
¶ In faith Sir no. Attilia.
¶ I pray you tell me one thing before you parte, Pedante.
I think you be somwhat wetherwise by your arte.
Doo you knowe me by acqaintance, or gesse you by aime?
That you hit so right on my office in stead of my name?
¶ I haue seen you before if I am not beguilde: (childe. Attilia.
You haue been Schoolmaister to maister Fedele euer since he was a
¶ True sweet hart, but I pray thee be not angry with mee: Pedante.
But giue me leaue a little while to mooue a question to thee. 91
What is your name, and where doo you dwell?
¶ Sokte, there lay a strawe, that will I not tell. Attilia.
Alas poor Attilia, what meanes he by this?
If I stay with him long, my mistres Victoria her seruant wil misse.
About your busines good Sir, I pray you get you away:
I purpose not to tell you my name this day.
¶ Be not so strange faire Lady, I knowe your name very well, Pedante.
And the name of your mistres, and the place where you dwell.

Attilia. ¶ If you doo, much good doo it you, I can tary no longer: 100
Pedante. ¶ Then I perceiue I shall be driuen to try who is the stronger.
I shall tell you one thing if it please you to stay: (stop her.
Attilia. ¶ Speak your minde quickly, a woord and away,
Pedante. ¶ Bee not angry I beseech you, to hear that is true,
You are the fairest Creature that euer I did view.
Attilia. ¶ What followes of this?
Pedante. ¶ I like you, and loouey ou, before all the
Creatures that euer I knew,
Attillia. ¶ What ill luck is this? I see nothing that makes me to loue and
Pedante. ¶ You might if you tride me, for I come of the smiters: (like you.
Attilia. ¶ Great barkers are none of the greatest biters.
Pedante. ¶ Good mistres Attilia, because you haue haste: 112
I will talke with you more, when your busines is past.
If I can be spared from my Maister so long, soon at night:
I will resorte to your house, and lay my meaning wide
open before your sight.
Attilia. ¶ Farwel Sir Pedante, look you be not too quick: Exit.
Pedante. ¶ What a drunken wooer am I that gaue her neuer a licke,
This falles out pat for my Maister Fedele, and comes in the nick.
By cogging and counterfaiting looue, as you see:
If Attilia be so mad, as to like and looue mee, 121
By her all the Jugling other mistres I shall knowe:
And finde whether any new cõmers,
haue set my Maister beside the cushin or no.
Crack- ¶ This is as excrement for my proposition as can be desirde,
stone. Soon at night like the Schoolmaister will I be attirde.
First come, first serui'd, if the maid be so kreendly to let mee in:
Then Sa Sa Sa, the battaile will beginne.
With that Magnaniminstrelsie and mercy, that in mee dooth floe:
I le make a conflict of the Mistres, and let the maid goe.
Farewell seely Schoolmaister. 131
this Iniunction is not found in his Aduerb I trowe. Exit.
Pedante. ¶ These tidings wilbe ioyfull to my maister I am sure,
Who for loue of Victoria suffers many a sharp shower:
Enter Fe- Loe where he comes walking by him selfe alone,
dele. With his head full of thoughts, and his hart full of mone.
Rowse vp your wittes Sir, what are you a sleep?

Neuer

Neuer be so base minded to a woman to creep.
See, see, your cap on your head, good manners forgot,
Now you are come to your owne swinge, you knowe me not. 140
Doo your dutie to your maister, good nurture is best:
In via virtutis non progredi, regredi est.
¶ Alas my care so closeth vp my sight: Fedele.
That all is lost, wherin I should delight.
¶ You knowe that it may be said of me, which was said of Vlisses, Pedante.
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et vrbes.
Therfore if you desire mee your cares to releeue:
The best counsell I can, to you I will giue.
¶ You knowe Victoria is the cause of all my secret smart: Fedele.
Victoriaes beautie is the worme, that gnawes me to the hart. 150
What counsaile now?
¶ Did not I teach you long agoe out of tragicall Seneca: Pedante.
His golden saying, duo omnium malorum fœmina?
Did I not cause you with your pen in the margent of your book,
to marke that place:
And yet will you be tooting on a beautifull face?
Which no otherwise banisheth, and away dooth goe:
Then water, that neuer returnes to the spring,
from whence it did flowe.
Beautie is so tickle a foundation to bear any frame: 160
And looue so vncertain, that it throwes the house on his hed
that built the same.
Wherupon I gaue you a good lesson of olde:
Euery letter therof would be written in Golde.
Quod iuuat exiguum est, plus est quod lædit amantes:
They knowe what I mean that are versificautes
¶ If this colde comfort in my need, be all that I shall haue: Fedele.
Out of my sight. No succour at thy handes I mean to craue.
¶ Adultus Iuuenis tandem custode remoto: Pedante.
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper. 170
The right course of the world, now he runnes vpon wheeles:
Had I knowen this when you were a boy,
I would haue hamperd your heeles.
It were a good deed to set all your fortune at euen and od:
And let you alone till you are beaten with your owne rod.

But the looue that I bear to you euery day:
Will not suffer me to see this good witte cast away.
Some tidings I haue for you, therfore be not afraid:
I am growen in acquaintance with Victoriaes maid.
By whome I trust in the end to knowe: 180
What Suters to her Mistres resorte too and fro.
If nobody els do followe the game:
The spark that you left in her brest, will break out in a flame.

Fedele. ¶ Thankes good Pedante, get thee home and leaue me heer a space:
To trye if I may meet with faire Victoria in this place.

Pedante. ¶ I knowe where to prick that the vain may bleed:
See how faire he dooth speak, when his humour I feed.
This passeth Prosodia, Sintaxis and all,
Tis the way to my profit to stoop to his call. Exit.

Fedele. ¶ Heer was I wunt to meet with her, and heer I mean to walke:
And sound her meaning if I may, by mooving her to talke. 191

Victoria setteth open the Casement of her windowe and with her Lute in her hand playeth, and singeth this dittie.

Victoria. If looue be like the flower that in the night,
When darknes drownes the glory of the Skyes:
Smelles sweet, and glitters in the gazers sight,
But when the gladsome Sun beginnes to rise,
And he that viewes it, would the same imbrace:
It withereth, and looseth all his grace.

Why doo I looue and like the cursed Tree, 200
Whose buddes appeer, but fruite will not be seen:
Why doo I languish for the flower I see?
Whose root is rot, when all the leaues be green.
In such a case it is a point of skill:
To followe chaunce, and looue against my will.

Speake. Ah poor Victoria, heer it was thy guise,
To stand and see Fortunio passing by:
Whose loouely shape hath caught me by mine eyes,
And meanes to make me prisoner while I dye.
To gaze on him was like to mee before: 210
His absence death, because I see no more.

Oh

¶Oh greedy loue that neuer feeleth glut, Fedele.
How haue I boasted of Victoriaes grace?
With feare at last from fauour to be shut,
And lose the light of such a shining face?
Shall neither teares, nor toyle, nor broken sleep:
Haue force inough a Ladies loue to keep?
¶And hath Fortunio now forgot the way. Victoria.
Which by my windowe learnd of late to walke:
See the disturber of my peace this day, 220
Fedele comes to proffer mee some talke.
Sith hee is heer, his patience I will prooue:
Whome for Fortunios sake I cannot looue.
¶I serue a Mistres whiter then the snowe, Fedele.
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the Glasse:
Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe,
More pleasant then the Feeld of flowing Grasse.
More gladsome to my withering Ioyes that fade:
Then Winters Sun, or Sommers cooling shade,
Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine, 230
Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:
Smoother then Iet, more stately then the Pine,
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.
Clearer then Beauties fiery pointed beam:
Or Yce crusse of Christalles frosen stream.
Yet is shee curster then the Beare by kinde,
And harder harted then the aged Oke:
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the winde,
Stiffer then Steele, no sooner bent but broke.
Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore: 240
Yet will I serue although I dye therfore.

Enter Victoria.

¶Now must I either fode him off with fained curtesie: Victoria.
Or els be coy in talke, to rid mee of his company. Shee offreth
Sir Fedele well met, and so farwell, I must away: to departe
My busines is such as will not suffer me to staye. & he stay-
¶Mistres Victoria: let vs haue one woord before yee goe, eth her. Fedele.
Oh looue, oh death, between you bothe, vouchsafe to rid my woe.
¶A wunder sure it is to see, how gentlemen complain: Victoria.

What

What cark, what care, what hell on earth, for women they sustain.
Your peace is war, your sleep is watching, and your ease is toyle:
Your life is death, your mirth is mone, and your successe a foyle.
These woordes are vsde for ornaments to beautifie your stile: 253
And these I think you followe, poore Victoria to beguile.

Fedele. ¶ If for your sake alone, more then for any other dame:
I were not thus tormented, then, I graunt I were too blame.
But sith your golden graces are the cause of all my greefe:
Giue eare and credit to my plaint, and yeeld me some releefe.

Victoria. ¶ If this be true, why did you part? and stay so long in Spain:
Delay breeds losse, either I thought you would not come again.
Or els that change of company would alter your delight,
And absence put me out of minde, that shut me out of sight. 262
Did not I say, that your departure would my death procure?

Fedele. ¶ You did.

Victoria. ¶ And could you make me then to feele so sharp a showre?

Fedele. ¶ Need hathe no lawe, the matter toucht my land and life so neer:
That I was forcte against my will, to stay no longer heer.
But sith I haue dispatcht, according to mine owne desire:
Loe heer I am to serue you still, in bitter frost, or fier.

Actus prima Scena tertia, 270

Enter Attilia, Maid to Mistresse Victoria, with Pamphila, Maid to Mistres Virginia, and Medusa the Enchantresse with her box of enchantments vnder her arme.

Victoria. DEparte Fedele for this time, come to me soon at night,
I will consider better of your plaint and heauie plight.
My maid and other company dooth prease into this place:
It were not good to make them all, acquainted with your case.

Fedele. ¶ A thousad thankes, this in your ear, let that the token bee, Exit.

Victoria. ¶ I knowe your meaning Sir, farwell, referre the rest to mee.
Alas poore soule, he little knowes, how colde a sute he hathe,
He must be dallied with a while, for fear of after scathe. 281

Attilia. ¶ And must you seek Fedele out?

Pamphila. ¶ I must.

Attilia. ¶ But to what end?

Pamphila, ¶ To craue of curtesie, that he would stand my Mistres freend.

Mistres

¶ Mistres Virginia: A ttilia.
¶ The same. Pamphila[
¶ In what matter I pray. Attilia.
¶ Thats counsaile vnto you, I must not euery thing bewray. Pamphila[
And yet by her, so bitter is the taste of loone, I finde: 290
That gall were sweeter to the mouth, and better to the minde.
¶ I haue the Hare on foot. Attilia.
¶ But knowe you where Fedele is? Pamphila[
¶ Him at his house, or walking in the street you shall not misse. Attilia.
¶ Farewell, I will goe seek him straight. Exit. Pamphila[
¶ Yet finde him not too soon: Attilia.
Alas poore soule, her sute is colde before it be begun.
Loe heer the common fault of loone, to followe her that flyes:
And flye from her that makes pursuite, with loud lamenting cryes.
Fedele looues Victoria, and shee hath him forgot:
Virginia likes Fedele best, and hee regardes her not. 301
¶ O foolish loone, and loouers that look not to theire state, Medusa.
But swimme against the tide, and then repent when tis too late.
If wee could learne to seek to them, that vnto vs doo sue:
The match were made, and wee should haue no cause at all to rue.
When wee be coy, and holde our freendes alooke at cap and knee:
The Hart is marde, and euery eye our folly then dooth see.
¶ What talke you there Attilia? Victoria.
¶ No hurt at all to you. Attilia.
¶ What newes? 310 Victoria.
¶ Good, sweet, and ioyfull newes, Mistres I bring you now. Attilia.
¶ Hast thou met with Fortunio? Victoria.
¶ Not so. Attilia.
¶ Then what's the newes? Victoria.
¶ As I was walking through the streets alone: Attilia.
Deuising how to finde a remedie to cure your mone,
I met Medusa with her box and trinckets as you see:
Whose cunning shortly shall deuise, the way to set you free.
¶ No way without Fortunio. Victoria.
¶ Fortunio you shall haue: 320 Attilia.
Be not afraid therfore in this: this womans aide to craue.
Shee can enchant, and woorke wunders, by Magicks learned art:
Shee can with woordes, with charmes and hearbes, giue you Fortunioes hart.

Make much of her.

Victoria. ¶ Ah foole, I knowe that looue is such a passion of the minde:
As neither Ayrye Spirites can rule, nor force of Magick binde.

Attilia. ¶ Yet trye her cunning, sith that I haue brought her into place,

Victoria. ¶ Medusa, will thy drugges procure a pining loouer grace?

Medusa. ¶ Mistres, they will.

Victoria. ¶ Open thy box and let me see thy store:
Let me haue that shall pleasure me, I'le pay thee well therfore.

Medusa. ¶ Heer is an Egge of a black Hen, a quill pluckt from a Crowe,
Who with this pen writes on this Egge, a charme ye I doo knowe
And names the party whome they like: the same shall looue again,
What think you of this remedye?

Attilia. ¶ This remedye is vain.
Look farther yet into your box, some other medicin prooue:
Because my Mistres cares not for the single iuice of looue.
She craueth more, shee must enioy the party shee desires:

Victoria. ¶ Fye, holde thy peace.

Attilia. ¶ Els hath shee not the thing that shee requires.

Medusa. ¶ Loe heer a spoonfull of a Virgins milke,
Incorporated with a peece of dowe:
Powdred with cinders of fine Spanish Silke,
And steeped in the licquor of a Slowe.
On thone side write Venus and Cupids name:
On thother his that loou'd, then take the same
And broyle it on the coales vnto a crust,
Basting it well with hony dropes and oyle:
Giue it to him you looue, to kindle lust,
And then your sute shall neuer suffer foyle.
This will so binde the gallant whome you choose:
That he shall nere him selfe heerafter loose.

Attilia. ¶ All this is to no purpose, yet me thinks you are too wide:
What pleasure can my Mistres haue so long as he is tied?

Victoria. ¶ Shee meanes not tied in hand or foot, but bound to be my slaue:
In all the seruices and duties that I mean to craue.

Medusa. ¶ Heere are two hartes, the one was taken out of a black Cat:
The other from a Pigion: heer is the blood of a Batte.
Heere is a peece of Virgin wax, heers an inchaunted Bean,
To make you goe inuisible,

You

¶ You knowe not what I mean. Victoria,
¶ These thinges are prety, but they are not for my Mistres fit, Attilia.
For if she be inuisible, I pray what profits it?
She shall beholdethe man, whome shee delighteth moste to see:
But beeing hid: she neuer can enioye his companye.
Yet shewe vs more.
¶ Heer's thinges will make men melt in fittes of loove, Medusa.
A wanton Goates braine, and the Liuer of a purple Dooue. 370
A Cockes eye, and a Capons spurre, the left legge of a Quaile:
A Goose bill, and a Ganders tung, a mounting Eagles tayle.
But fith they must be taken in thincreasing of the Moone:
Before the rising of the Sun, or when the same is down.
And closely wrapt in Virgin parchement on a Fryday night:
I will not trouble you with these.
¶ Of more lets haue a sight. Victoria.
¶ Heer is the Image of a man, made out in Virgin waxe, Medusa.
Which beeing prickt, or toasted in the flame of burning Flaxe.
Hee that you loove shall come and throwe him selfe before your feet:
More humble then a Lambe, to doo what you shall think is meet.
¶ O that is it. 382 Victoria.
¶ This is it must doo my Mistres good: Attilia.
By Images it must be wrought, Loove is a holy Rood.
¶ Wee must withdrawe our selues aside, and woork it out of sight: Medusa.
¶ Enter my house, the Sun is set, & now begins the night. Exeunt Victoria.

The first Act beeing ended, the Consorte of Musique soundeth a pleasant Galliard.

Actus secunda. Scena prima.

Enter Captain Crack-stone, disguised like a Schoolmaister, in the apparell of Pedante, with a book in his hand.

SOkte, for it is night, I must not make any noyse I trowe: 392 Crack-stone.
Me thinks this apparell makes me learnd,
which of all these Starres doo I knowe.
Yonder is the green Dog, and the blew Beare,
Harry Horners Girdle, and the Lyons eare.
Me thinkes I should spowt Lattin before I beware,

Argus mecum insputare?
Cur Canis tollit poplitem,
Cum mingit in parietem? 400
Alice tittle tattle Mistres Victoriaes Maid:
If I speake like the Schoolmaister, shee will neuer be afraid.
As soon as she opens the doore to let mee in:
With my Ropericall aliquanci I will begin.
Swinum, Velum, Porcum. Graye-goosorum iostibus
Rentibus dentibus, lofadishibus, come after vs.

Enter Fedele and Pedante.

I haue berayed my selfe I think with speaking so high:
This is Sir Fedele that is so nigh.
Till he be past it were not good for mee to appeere:
Therfore Ile slip into the Temple, 410
and hide me in the Tombe that standeth heere.

Fedele. ¶ Too straunge it is, that when I should reioyce,
A chilling feare dooth flit through euery vaine:
And when I hope to heare Victoriaes voice,
Doubt throwes me downe into dispaire again.
The comfort that she gaue me, was so colde:
That for my life I dare not be too bolde.

Pedante. ¶ Degeneres animos timor arguit,
faint hart neuer wun faire Lady they say:
And Amor odit inertes, take that by the way. 420
Seeing shee appointed this time, forward with a courage,
neuer stand you in doubt:
Imagination many times fetcheth wunders about.
Not because it changeth the course of the thing you would finde:
But because it dooth rule and gouern the minde.

Fedele. ¶ I shiuer still, come beare me company,
Untill thou seest mee nearer to the doore:
Thy speech dooth giue me comfort mightily,
And egges me on vnto it more and more.

Pedante. ¶ Andate allegramente, you are right vnder her windowe now:
What shall I doo, will you haue me to leaue you? 431

Fedele. ¶ Not so, but stay vntill thou seest me in:
To giue the signe I purpose to begin.

Heer let him either taste a Flute or whistle, at the sound wherof: Victoria comes to the windowe, and throwes out a letter, which

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mee,
Where shall I read it? light within the Temple I doo see.
¶ This greeting me thinkes is none of the best: Pedante.
I see by his countenaunce he likes not the rest. 441
¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so, Fedele.
Dye poore Fedele, like thou must sorrowe.
¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee? Pedante.
¶ Read it thy selfe and see. Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio sarebbe ch'io non fussi nata, m'incresce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma piú mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodita del vederui, perô se m'amate, non passate mai piú di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina. 451

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out worne, Pedante interprets the Letter.
,, My fortune is such, that it had been better for mee
I had neuer been borne.
,, I am sorry that I can not stand to my word:
,, And more sorry, that fortune to mee will not your presence affoord.
,, Sith I am rob'd of your company whome moste I desire:
,, If you looue mee come no more this way,
for breeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.
Heer is a sleeueles aunswer with all my hart, 460
You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.
¶ It cannot bee, but that Victoria hath an other looue: Fedele.
Therfore I purpose presently, her priuie sleights to prooue.
¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe: Pedante.
It is impossible that should be true.
Your owne doubtfulnes tangles you still in the briers,
Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in showe,
which in deed shee desires.
Are all those horrible othes which so oft shee hath sworne,
Any likelihode that shee would leaue you forlorne? 470
Remember her teares and her pitifull lookes:
If shee looue you not still, I dare burne my bookes.
¶ No no, her othes and teares, and lookes, and all thou canst repeat Fedele.

Were but as shadowes finely cast, to couer her deceit.
But sith I finde her as shee is, I will reuenge the wrong:
Or dye the death in this attempt, because I liue too long.

Pedante. ¶ You are to hasty a Soldier, too the battaile to goe,
If you will be reuenged ere your enemy you knowe.

Fedele. ¶ Mine enemies I purpose straight to try,
Hide thee within some priuie corner heer: 480
Be dilligent to mark who passeth by,
And if that any other man appeere
Either to enter, or to issue out,
Mark what he is, and put mee out of doubt. Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Farwell Sir, commit the care to my hande,
As close as I can, in this place I wil stand.
Unseen vnto any, yet bewing of all:
A pretty scowte set to take a knaue in a pit-fall.
Yonder come some, whatsoeuer they bee,
Stand close Pedante, that no body see. 490

Actus secunda. Scena secunda.

Enter Medusa, Victoria, and Attilia, disguised like Nunnes, with lighted Tapers in their handes.

Crack-stone liftes vp his head out of the Tombe, and ducks downe againe, speaking this as followeth.

Crack-st. ¶ A rope on these passengers, I am in a miserable plight,
I think I shall not get out of this place this night.

Medusa. ¶ Tis almoste one a clock, the fittest houre to binde the Spirites:
And compas euery thing, that best may further your delights.

Victoria. ¶ Then let vs goe. 500

Pedante. ¶ O che cricca di vacche? what cattell haue we heare?
Be they women, or deuils in the likenes of women that appeare?

Attilia. ¶ Mistres take heed we be not spide, for that may breed vs harme:

Victoria. ¶ No, no, but like a sorte of Nunnes vnto the Church we swarme.

Medusa. ¶ Enter the Chappell, we will make as though we ment to pray:

Victoria. ¶ Read good Medusa.

Pedante. ¶ Ah miserable Pedante, would I were away,

I quiuer so fast, that I feele no ground:
Tis a company of witches I hould forty pound.
¶ When begin you sweet hart? 510 Victoria,
¶ Make haste you had need, Attilia.
The day will approche, and the night gon with speed.
¶ A rope on them all, they goe a catter-walling I trow, Pedante.
Whome they meane to torment I would gladly knowe.
¶ This water and this oyle I haue, is coniured as you see, Medusa.
In the name of those Spirites that written on this Image bee.
Now must I write the name of him whom you so much doo loue:
Then binde these spirites, him to the like affection for to moue.
I charge you as you meane to purchase fauour in his sight:
And by the vertue of mine art, tell me his name aright. 520
¶ Fortunio. Victoria.
¶ Thats he that dooth my maister Fedele disgrace, Pedante.
And this is Victoria disguised in place.
¶ Your name vpon the brest, his on the forehead must I write, Medusa.
Then coniure, now it is the stillest time of all the night.
¶ Doe so. Victoria.
¶ I coniure thee thou waxen Image heere, Medusa.
By Venus fruitfull wombe that Cupid bare:
That in Fortunios name thy force appeare,
To comfort fayre Victoria ful of care. 530
That by the vertue of mine Art thou be:
In this her greef a present remedy:
I coniure thee Fortunio at the length,
By head, eyes, eares, thy liuer and thy hart:
Thy Guttes, thy vaines, flesh, blood, bones, sinewes, strength,
Thy lights, thy lungs, feet, hands, and euery parte.
That presently thy brest be set on fier:
And all thy bowels boyle with hot desire.
Look that by night thou take no quiet rest,
By day thou lothe thy comfortable food: 540
Let euery ioy be daggers to thy brest,
See, heare, and touch naught that may doo thee good.
Til fancy make thee for a louer meet,
And throw thee down before Victoriaes feet.
Look that she neuer passe out of thy minde,

But

But paint her heauenly face in euery thought:
Looue her aboue all Creatures of her kinde,
Prosper not, till by thee her ioyes be wrought.
But waste as this melts at the candles flame:
Amen, fiat, fiat, in Cupidoes name. 550

Victoria. ¶ What haue you doon? and is the Spirit come vp that you do call?

Pedante. ¶ The greatest Feend of hell come and take you all.

Medusa. ¶ With oyle of Virgin waxe I thee annointe,
And signe, and marke thee with the holy Crosse:
In Venus name, I water euery ioynt.
That looue by thee may neuer suffer losse.

Victoria. ¶ Now haue you doon?

Medusa. ¶ It must be prickt, and set in greater heat:
Then the Spirits bound, before it doo the feat.

Attilia. ¶ Make haste. (writ:

Medusa. ¶ I Coniure you yee Sprites, whose names are on this Image
And now rehearse you one by one, in order as you sit. 562
Nettabor, Temapttor, Vigilator, Somniator, Astarot, Berliche,
Buffon, Amachon, Suchon, Sustani, Asmodeus.

Pedante. ¶ Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham:
Robin goodfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam.
O vi possono portar in precipitio.

Medusa. ¶ I coniure you, you foule infernall knot of baser Sprites,
By the mosse Mighty power and force of that great God of looue:
Bothe by the Bowe and dreadfull dint of all his feathered Flights,
And by his wingges, and by the smoake of loouers scalding sighes.
And by the smart and sorowe, that this troubled dame dooth prooue:
By all the Planets that our hartes, to hate or liking mooue.
By the desires of her that hath Victoria vnto name: 574
By Venus Fillet, and the goulden pleasures of her game.
Breake loose I say, and trudge with hasty foot out of your denne,
Hunt and pursue, bestirre your selues to seek Fortunio out:
Forsake with speed the stincking fogge of that your vgly fenne,
Possesse, and chace him, see that you returne no more again,
Till you haoue brought him down and humbled him, if he be stout,
Driue him with your tormenting gnawe, the Citie round about.
Goe make his bed of Thistles, and his seat of pricking thorne:
Untill you bring him hether vnto her that is forlorne. 583

Haue

¶ Haue you doon Meduſa? Victoria.
¶ Now muſt I ſtick a needle in his hart, Meduſa.
And prick him with the point, before we parte.
¶ I pray you prick him well. Attilia.
¶ If that I ſtrike the needle through, the gentleman will dye: Meduſa.
¶ Then ſpare him good Meduſa, touch him tenderly. 589 Victoria.

Heer they throw their candles into the Tombe where Crack-ſtone lyeth.

¶ Now haue I doon, follow and throw your Tapers out of hand, Meduſa.
Into this Tombe that as you ſee, hard by vs heer dooth ſtand:
Set fier vnto their feet, and toaſt the corſes of the dead,
That long haue ſlept within this place ſince they were buried.
¶ But will this make him come, and then ſubmit him ſelfe to mee? Victoria.
¶ Miſtres it wil, and you th'euent therof ſhall ſhortly ſee: Meduſa.

Crack-ſtone riſeth out of the Tombe with one candel in his mouth, and in eche hand one. The women and Pedante fly, crying the deuil the deuil. The women let fall the Image, and Crack-ſtone taketh it vp. 601

¶ All is mine, ho, ho. ho. All is mine, Crack-
Diuils were ſmocks, in this latter time. (ſeen: ſtone.
Such ſights, as among the bones of the dead in this Tombe I haue
Would haue made any man but my ſelfe,
out of his wittes to haue been.
Good Lord: once me thought I ſaw my Grandam trot round about
me in her gray peticote and her red cap,
Neuer ſince I was borne, was I taken in ſuch a trap.
Another time me thought I ſaw the ſoules, 610
of all them that died for loue,
Cry out vpon Lady Vengeance, one that was ſuch a fair
woman as nothing could moue.
Little Cuprit him ſelfe in the bottome of hell:
Turſt fayer Lady Pilcher, for burning his ſkin with a Lamprell.
This coniugation put me in a terrible feare,
If it had continued longer, Termagant, Rawhead, Roſte-meat, and
Eatbread, and all the armies of Deuils had been heer.
What this? ſomwhat I perceaue they haue let fall for haſte,

An Image in wax very pretely caste. 620
Fortunio is written in the forehead of the same,
And iumpe vpon his belly Victoriaes name.
This falleth out very well for me,
I'le sende this to Fedele that he and Fortunio the same may se.
This will make them to hate her wonderfully,
Then shall I haue her in spight of the pye.
What haue we here? a needle in his heart,
And names of Augrem writte round about it with Margaris arte.
Nettabor, Temptator, Vigilator, and Buffon.
They come, they come, they come, tis time to be gone. Run away.

Actus secunda. Sena tertia. 631

Enter victoria and Attilia.

Victoria. ¶ In such a feare at rising of the spirites wee all were cast,
That being scarde, we lost our way and Image too at last.
I maruell where Medusa is?
Attilia. ¶ Shee tooke her to her heeles, 636
And time I trowe, for all ye world me thought did rūne on wheeles.
Victoria. ¶ Sith this enchanting takes no place, go seeke Fortunio streighte,
And tell him that to speake with him his pleasure I do wayte.
A worde or two will serue my turne, goe seeke him out of hand,
Attilia. ¶ Where shall I seeke him? for I knowe not where his house doth (stand.
Victoria. ¶ By ye Piazza, there I am sure ye thou shalt see him walke,
Spending the time with one or other of his friends in talke.
Attilia. ¶ I goe. Exit.

Actus secunda. Sena quarta. 645

Enter Fedele whispering with Pedante.

Victoria. ¶ I was so troubled in my minde, with fright of sudden feare,
That yet I feele my sinewes shake, and tremble euery where.
Alas looke where Fedele comes, I cannot scape vnseene,
He is importunate, I knowe not how to ridde me of him cleene.
Fedele. ¶ Ah cursed dames, their loue is like a flame,
Quiuering in th'Ayre betweene too blastes of wynde, 652
Borne here and there, by either of the same.

Yet

Yet properly to none of both enclinde.
Hate and disdaine is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.
Their promises are made of brittle glasse,
Grounde with a sillop to the finest dust,
Their thoughtes as streaming riuers swiftly passe.
Their wordes are oyle, and yet they gather rust. 660
Their vertues mount like billowes to the skyes,
And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes.
True are they neuer founde but in vntrueth,
Constant in naught, but in inconstancie,
The common foes of weale, and studdes of rueth.
Deuouring cankers of mans libertie.
Here doth the staine of modestie abide:
And shrowdingly desires her selfe to hide.
But get thee streight to Sir Fortunio.
Will him to come and speake a word with me, 670
Hasse and posse hasse with speede see that thou goe,
That he this treacherie may quickely see.
Meane while on her whole face beginnes to glow:
The burden of my brest I meane to throw.
¶ Then take you this Image of waxe that you see, Pedante.
Crackstone the Captaine deliuered it to mee.
Being his turne as he said for to watch this night,
And breaking vp sentinel when it began to be light.
This Image he tould me in the streete he founde,
Lying harde by the chappell vpon the grounde. 680
This is the same that was made to inchante Fortunio,
Beholde it and see whether I say trueth or no.
¶ He plowghes the seas, and fishes in the lande, Fedele.
And loseth all the labour of them both,
He fondly reares his fortresse on the sande.
That buildes his trust vpon a womans troth.
But get thee hence about thy businesse,
That I may talke with this my good mistresse.
¶ A Dio. Exit. Pedante.
¶ Well met good Sir Fedele, whats the cause 690 Victoria.
Of these your troubled lookes that I beholde,

What rain is threatned by these stormy flawes:
Which by your gate, and gesture you vnfolde?
Is loue the spark that kindels all this fier:
Or doo you lack the fruit of your desire?

F]edele. ¶ The cause that sets my gestures out of frame,
Is in your selfe if you doo search the same.

V]ictoria. ¶ And why good Sir? 698

F]edele. ¶ What make you heer so early in the street?

V]ictoria. ¶ My longing thoughts did prophesie, that heer I should you meet.

F]edele. ¶ Not mee but Sir Fortunio: you know this I am suer: Shew her
And what by magick you haue doon, his fauour to procure. the Ima
I neuer thought so fayre a dame, had been so foule within, ge.
But sith continued seruice, had no force thy grace to win:
Be suer vnthankful wretch, periur'd and moste disloyall dame:
I will not rest, before I bee reuenged of the same.
This to Fortunio presently I purpose shall be shown:
And open brute of thy reproche, throughout the Citie blown. 708
All that in Naples dwell this day, shall wunder at this deed,
And euery wounding tung shall make thine honor now to bleed.
My selfe will help to teare the hart, out of thy body quick,
And giue thy crimson coulered blood, vnto the dogs to lick.
So liuely wil I blaze thee out, to euery gazers eye:
That though thy carcas rot and waste, thy shame shall neuer dye.
As busy will I bee to plague thee more then is exprest:
As thou wast cunning to deceiue the man that lou'd thee best.

Victoria. ¶ I think you are disposed to iest, and make some triall heere,
How trimly you can tread aloft to thunder in mine eare.
For when I slide into my selfe, and there examine well,
What I haue doon, I finde I neuer from Fedele fell. 720
And yet I see your hart still workes, by which I doo suspect,
Some Sicophants would make you, your Victoria to reiect.
But pacience is a vertue, as the woorthiest wits doo say,
My loue to you, deserues not that you vttred heer this day.

F]edele. ¶ Yes that, and more, in thee's no trueth, loue, faith, nor loyaltye,
But lies, dessembling, falshood, hate, sin, shame, and sorcery.
Bestur thy selfe, enchaunt, and coniure now and doo thy woorst,
The day thow knewst vs both, shall shortly be by thee accurst.

Victoria. ¶ I am not priuy vnto this, nor know Fortunio.

Ah

Ah poore Victoria thou art caught, alas what shall I doo? 730
Nowcounsaile me Attilia, Attilia, is not heer:
Where be my gallants now, will not Crack-stone appeare?
Now is the time for thee Crack-stone my hart to gaine,
Oh saue my life, and him dispatch that dooth mine honor staine.
Doo this and then I will be thine, and listen to thy sute,
But til that I may speak with him, tis best that I be mute.
Farwell Sir, be not rash, but Iudge, I cannot answere much:
More you shall know when time hath tried,
my truth by perfect tuch. A Dio. Exit.
¶ A diauolo. 740 Fedele.
As I haue known thee, so shall Sir Fortunio know thee straight,
For whome I sent, and heer he comes, whose comming I doo wait.

Actus secunda. Scena quinta.

Enter Fortunio with Pedante.

¶ Est mora damnosa, pray let vs away, Pedante.
For yonder my Maister your comming dooth stay.
¶ Sir Fedele God saue you. Fortunio.
¶ And you Sir Fortunio, Fedele.
I was so bolde to charge my man, vnto your house to goe.
Matters of waight I haue to you, of freendship to imparte: 750
¶ My leasure serues, and I will stand, to heer withall my hart. Fortunio.
¶ Not so, but sith it asketh time, if you will take the pain, Fedele.
To walke with mee vnto my house, there wil I tell you plain.
Both what I saw and heard of late, which toucheth you so neer:
That you will giue mee thanks I know, when you the matter heer
¶ Goe when you please I'l'e beare you company, Exeunt Fede- Fortunio.
¶ Pedante you may walke abroad, le & Fortunio Fedele.
till Dinner draweth ny. arme in arme.
¶ With a good wil Sir, thats the thing I desire, Pedante.
But if I meet not Attillia, the fat is in the fier. 760
For my Maisters sake, I began to loue her in iest,
And may chaunce to swallow a Gudgion in earnest.
For loue is a Fox, he beginneth at first by dalliance and play:
Then encreaseth his gettings euery day. Enter Attilia.
Oh deus adiunxit nostris sua numina votis.
Beholde I beseech you my delicate Mistris.

Somewhat hanges in the winde, that makes her to lower,
What ayle you sweete hearte why looke you so sower?

Attilia. ¶ My mistresse weepes. 769

Pedante. ¶ Heighe ho, whats the cause?

Attilia. ¶ She bade me seeke a friend of hers, with whom I can not meete,

Pedante. ¶ Apply warme clothes to her stomacke, and looke that she take no (colde of her feete.

Attilia. ¶ Are you a Phisition?

Pedante. ¶ I forsooth for a woman.

Attilia. ¶ So me thought by the talke, that before you did moue,
I pray Sir, what was it you sayde of loue.

Pedante. ¶ Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo.
I dare not tell you the meaning, lest I make your cheekes gloe.
But if it be true that the Poet doeth sing,
He is not a man that feeles not loues sting. 780
I will be in loue as soone as I can,
Because I would haue euery body count me a man.

Attilia. ¶ I heard a tale of Florio, not scarse three or foure dayes paste,
And Biancofiore whose sweete loue was hony to my taste.

Pedante. ¶ Is loue so delitious,

Attilia. ¶ It is, I assure ye,

Pedante. ¶ Then I am in loue,

Attilia. ¶ With whome I pray thee.

Pedante. ¶ With thee my delight,

Attlia. ¶ I am sorie, you take not your marke aright. 790
Stande backe Pedante thou presumste, I am not as you deeme,
So quickly wonne, my name and honour lightly to esteeme.

Pedante. ¶ Discourtesie killes me. (Proffer to embrace her.

Attilia. ¶ Away when I bid yee.

Pedante. ¶ Ah, Here let him counterfaite the passion of loue by lookes and iesture.

Attilia. ¶ Shewe all the passions that you can, yet will not I be wonne,
To serue you as a friend of mine to one of late hath done.
For louing one, as might be you, order to him she gaue, 799
In beggers weede to come to the doore, an almes of her to craue.
And so he did, she let him in, but what was his reward,
I cannot tell, hearing the tale I did not it regarde.
I gesse they drunke a pottet when her mistresse was a sleepe,
Come not you so to me, our doores I purpose fast to keepe.

¶ Dauus

¶ Dauus ſum non Aedipus, in parables now ſhe begins to flow, Pedante.
I may chance to trye whether I ſhalbe welcome or no.
Farewell miſtreſſe Attilia, I am to proude my ſelfe vnto begging to
¶ So continue leſte at laſte you repent the ſame. (frame, Exit. Attilia.
Now he is gone, Crackſtone the captaine I muſt finde,
And to bring him to my miſtreſſe ſtraight to vnderſtād her minde.
Long hath he ſued to be her ſlaue, now muſt he ſhew the ſame, Enter
And ſet himſelfe againſt Fedele to remoue her ſhame. Crack-ſt
Good lucke, he comes. 813
¶ Nay looke for no more Lattin now my gowne is gone, Crack-ſt.
My learning with my reparrell goes off and on.
I would I could meete with maſter Pedayntrye,
To knowe what his maiſter ſaith to the chauntrye.
I beleeue it is as heauy as lead to reieſte,
And therefore while time ſerues me to take the ſame I were beſt.
Nowe will I to winne miſtreſſe Victoria take ſome payne,
While ſhe is quite out of fauour with them twayne. 821
Yonders her mayde, I'le ſalute her by and bye,
Miſtreſſe alice title tatle, well met of mine honeſtie.
How doeth your miſtreſſe.
¶ As well as ſhe may, Attilia.
And very deſirous to ſpeake with you to day.
¶ What would ſhe? Crack-ſt.
¶ I knowe not. Attilia.
¶ Doe you ſpeake as you thinke? Crack-ſt
¶ I haue no cauſe Sir from the trueth to ſhrinke. 830 Attilia.
¶ I knowe not what I ſhould ſay, for ſhe doeth me iniurie, Crack-ſt
That regardeth no more my ſeruice and braueric.
¶ Oh ſay not ſo Sir: Attilia.
¶ Why am I not braue? Crack-
¶ Yes indeed, and a propperer man ſhe can neuer haue. Attilia.
¶ I will not ſticke for her ſake to pull Iuniper and all the gods frō Crack-ſt.
If I may ſee that my portnance doth pleaſe her eye. (the ſkye,
Euery woman that on earth at this day doth liue,
Is more beholding to me, then to her parents that life vnto her did
¶ Why Sir? (giue. Attilia.
¶ They gaue them life that paſſeth away, Crack-ſt
And I giue them ioyes that neuer decay. 842

How

Attilia. ¶ How proue you that?
Crack-st. ¶ I am so terrebinthinall and play such reakes
when I come to the feeld:
That mine enemies choose rather to murder them
selues then to yield.
Wherby their Damned soules haue so pestered all hell:
That ther's no roome left for women to dwell.
Thus being thrust out of the place that is theirs by right: 850
They are constraind into heauen to take their flight.
Attilia. ¶ I confes that this benefit is so great,
That my tung is not able your praise to repeat.
Crack-st. ¶ Besides that, I haue as good luck as any man of my size,
To finde fauour and freendship in Gentlewomens eyes.
I thank them they flout me to my face, when no other they mock,
This was my fathers craft, for he euer made my Mother
to wrap mee in her smocke.
Giue me good luck and throw mee into the Seas,
Where women take a pitch, it is easy to please. 860
Attilia. ¶ Truth Sir, but will you goe too my Mistres with mee,
Crack-st. ¶ With an almond hart my girle I wil follow thee. Exeunt.

The second Act beeing ended, the Consorte
soundeth again.

Actus tertia, Scena prima.

Enter Mistres Virginia, with Pamphila her maid.

Pamphila. MIstresse I may, and will once more goe
seek him if you please:
Although I feare his answere wil returne you little ease.
What though he loou'd you first? you see his sute
falles to the ground, 871
And by this small pursute, thinkes you are as good lost as found.
Hee stoopeth to Victoriaes lure, but she hath cast him of,
Hee bowes, and creepes to her, she turnes his labour too a scoffe.
Virginia. ¶ How canst thou tell?
Pamphila. ¶ Euen yesterday I heard it of her maid:
Virginia. ¶ If it bee so, then is hee iustly plagued from aboue,
And feeles that hell of minde, which all forsakē Ghostes doo prooue

Ye

Yet can I not beleeue it Pamphila, before I see,
And gather by his answere, that he hath forsaken mee. 880
Therefore goe seeke him out againe.
¶ Mistresse it shall not neede, Ent. Fedele. Pamphil[
Loe where he walkes as sad as though his heart within did bleede.
¶ Steppe to him straighte. Virginia.
¶ Walker Fedele, if you knew as well Pamphila
To loue: and her that loues you, to releeue,
As you are skilfull in deceite to dwell.
And to torment whome you should neuer greeue.
Happie were she that beares you in her breste,
Happie were you of such a pearle possesse. 890
¶ What meaneth this? Fedele.
¶ Talke with my mistresse Sir, and you shall knowe, Pamphila[
¶ Then to thy mistresse Pamphila, I goe. Fedele.
Mistresse Virginia, what's the cause I pray,
That you did sende of late to seeke me out?
If you haue anything to me to say,
Speake, that I may resolue you of the doubt.
¶ Fedele, now beholde thy crueltie, Pamphila.
Her voyce is stopt, and doth for sorowe die.
¶ I neuer thought Fedele to haue founde, 900 Virginia.
Your shewe of faith in promises forgot:
Your lyking dead, and buried in the grounde,
My selfe cast off as though you knew me not.
To loue in iesse and turne it to a scorne,
Is not the nature of a Gentle borne.
¶ Mistresse, I loue you as I did before, Fedele.
As dearely as the dearest friend you haue,
Or as a brother, would you any more?
Commande of me what curtesie may craue.
If Fancies lurking poyson you remoue, 910
And be not shipt in Seaes of raging loue.
Whose great companions are discorde and wrath,
Flattery, Deceit, Treason and Crueltie:
Heuinesse of minde, greef, penurie, and scathe:
Unrest, suspicion, feare, and Jealousie,
Consuming hunger, and an endlesse thirste,
A liuing death, like dying with the firste.

Virginia. ¶Ah Pamphila, I finde thy wordes are true,
The more in liking I did thinke him bound:
The looser he, and hunteth after newe, 920
His talke was nothing but an empty sound.
Those vertues nowe, I see he doth despise:
That once did painte my picture in his eyes.
If Justice Pallace stande aboue the skyes,
And angrie gods doe looke into our like:
Some plague no doubt, for him they will deuise,
And scourge him with some storme of bitter strike.
Although he vaunt of conquest here a while,
T'is not praise worthy a woman to beguile.
Come Pamphila I'le learne to set him light, 930
That so dissembles with a double tongue,
Helpe to conueighe me streight out of his sight,
Whose wandring choyse hath done me double wrong.
Farewell Sir, as we met, we meane to parte.

Pamphila. ¶This greeting answeres vnto his desert. Exeunt Verg. & Pam.

Fedele. ¶So quickly gone? farewell, all women for Victoriaes sake,
And on them all for her, reuenge I meane to take.
Busie they are with pen to write our vices in our face,
But negligent to knowe the blemish of their owne disgrace. 939
Gestures and lookes in readinesse, at their command they haue,
Mirth, sorrowe, feare, hope, and what other passion you can craue.
Hence riseth euery cloude in loue, this breedeth all the strike,
Snares to our feete, deuouring cankers, these are vnto like.

Actus tertia. Seena secunda.

Enter Pedante with the robe on his arme.

Pedante. ¶Ridetur chorda qui semper aberrat eadem.
I cannot abide Sir, to harpe still vpon one string,
It is too Cuckolike they say, one song continually to sing.
It were good for you to learne quickly in what cleefe you
should take your part, 950
And be speedely reuenged on her that strikes such a dagger
to your heart.
Oh they are full of deceit, cogging, flattery, foisting,
twitle-twatle, and I know not what,

This

This Genus demonstratiuam, is such a bottomlesse sea,
you will neuer haue done if you enter into that.
The dispraise of women is so great, that without doubt,
All the tongnes in the world are not able to set it out. 958
T'is one of my precepts, to be short and sharpe in word and blow,
When they anger you, bid the deuill take them all, and make no
¶Waste thou so neare Pedante? (more adoe. Fedele.
¶I heard you well ynough. Pedante.
I thinke I must bring you to Copia rerū againe for chāge of stuffe,
Leaue these exclamations, and crying out vpon women now,
If you looke well to your selfe, the faulte is in you.
You would needes loue, though in your last lecture among your
sententiæ, similitudines and dicendi flores.
I made you write this in your paper booke, Littore quot conchæ,
tot sunt in amore dolores.
¶Thou didst in deede Pedante, and I haue not it forgot, 970 Fedele.
¶Now you finde it by prooke, I beleeue you will not. Pedante.
But let this matter passe, and tell me Sir, how with Fortunio you
Did you touch him so neere that his heart did bleede? (speede,
¶Oh no, for in Victoria he hath such confidence, Fedele.
That he excuseth her, and now mistrusteth my pretence.
¶What remedy then? pedante.
¶I knowe not, for he saith, except that I can plainly proue, Fedele,
That other men besides him selfe Victoria doeth loue. 978
He was, and is, and will be hers, so long as he doth liue,
¶Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno, very good coūsell for pedante.
Doe you see this braue robe? (this I can giue.
¶I doe, very well, Fedele.
¶But why I haue brought it, you cannot tell, pedante.
¶Notrust me. (Victoriaes mayde? Fedele.
¶Did not I tel you that for your sake I begā to curry fauour with pedante.
¶Indeede Pedante, I remember such a thing you saide. Fedele.
¶She tooke order this very day with mee, Put on the pedante.
That disguised on this maner, as by and by you shall see. Robe.
Euen thus Sir beholde, I should come this night,
Disguised that no man might know me by sight. 990
And begge an almes at the doore, she would let me in straighte,
And make me a pocket for my labour, that so well can waight.

We shall be as merry as cup and can, when I am once there,
e]dele. ¶ What's this to me?
]edante. ¶ Tush take you no care:
Look that some pretty corner, by you may be espied,
Where you and Fortunio your selues may hide.
Be both of you heer about the mid'st of the night,
That when I come out, both of you of me may haue a sight.
I at departure wil bid Victoria farwell, 1000
Commend my entertainment, and say it dooth excell.
This will make him to think as soon as I am gone,
That Victoria loueth not him alone.
]edele. ¶ O excellent.
]edante. ¶ See what an olde Fox these rotten raggs shrowds,
I can play the knaue and conuay it in the clowdes.
But heare you Sir?
]edele. ¶ What saist thou?
]edante. ¶ Hould fast Master Fortunio, til I be out of his reach,
Least he cut me in peeces when he heares me preach. 1010
]edele. ¶ Fear not, be suer he shall not stirre before I see thee gon,
Farwel, and thankes to finish this, I wil to him anon. Exit.
]edante. ¶ Adiew Sir, If Appollo the very brother of Diana and Iupiters
For the loue of a Lady that was hard to be wun. (sonne,
Thought it no shame in a Shepheards weed,
Him selfe to debase, the sooner to speed.
Should I that am not worthy to beare out Apollos
chamberpot, think any scorne,
That these rascolly ragges by me should be worne.
So long as I doo it my sute for to moue: 1020
And further my Master with my flauering loue.
Quod exemplo fit, iure fieri putant, Tully dooth say,
Whose authoritie is a priuiledge to follow this way.
Therfore god Appollo whose example I take,
Vouchsafe to stay the course of thy Charriot a while for my sake.
Suffer not thy horses to hasten the day,
But prolong ỳ night, as when Iupiter thy father with Alcmena lay.
Peraduenture I may get a young Hercules as wel as he,
But for very sinne and shame too, so it should be.
If I speed wel this day, I will shut vp my schoole door euery yeer,

It

It shall be festiuall to my Schollers, to make good cheere. 1031
They shall play if they will, from morning to night,
During that time, they shall not be cõstrained to come in my sight.
This will be cake and pudding to them that are truantly,
And care not how little they take for their mony.
A begging Pedante, I a begging I goe, Beg at Virginiaes gate.
Tic, toc, fate vna limosina, á vn pouerino.
¶ What bolde begger haue we at the gate, Pamphila comes to the doore. Pamphila.
Art thou not ashamed to goe a begging so late?
¶ No good mistresse, it is no shame at all, 1040 Pedante.
But the greatest honour that vnto a man may fall.
For an Almes is a gift, and a gifte is a token of reuerence I trow,
And reuerence is, when our superiours we know.
Thus I being presented of all men with almes as you see,
Reuerenced of all men of force I must bee.
¶ For reasoning so deepely, no Almes shall you haue, Pamphila.
Because I will not honour such a beggerley knaue. Exit.
¶ Farewell and be hangde, there I was ouer-reacht with a crookte (measure, Pedante.
Witte bought at this rate is an excellent treasure.
Beginnings are harde, this prouerbe is olde, 1050
Therefore at some other bodies doore I meane to be bolde.
Tic, toc, fate limosina: popoli mei benedetti, Beg at Victoriaes gate.
Che iddio v' aiuterá, nelle vostre tribulationi.
Tic, toc, chi la diua ouer la fara dire, Enter Crackstone out of Victoriaes house.
Di buona morte non potrà morire.
¶ What sturdy knaue haue we heer in the streete, Crack-st
To begge at this time of the night? Sirra t'is not meete.
Packe hence Sirra I aduise you, least I giue you a sowce, 1058
Or take thee by the heeles and throw thee ouer the howse.
¶ Good maister beate not the poore, when they make their mone, Pedante.
T'is not long since your courrage was as colde as a stone.
¶ What sawcy knaue, me thinkes he doeth prate, Crack-st
Doest thou know to whome thou speakest, or at whose gate?
¶ No good maister, be good to me, I beseeche you, for I haue done, Pedante.
I were best to be quiet till he be gone.
¶ We haue many good startoppes made heer in the cittie, Crack-st.
For publishing these bargery knaues that goe vp and down idely
See how he is scapte, and shrinketh aside,

My lookes are to bigge for him too abide.
T'is a wonder to see how they crouch where soeuer I come, 1070
If I stande they stoupe, if I speake they are dumbe.
Mistresse Victarrogantie hath sent for me,
Her Chaplen against Fedele to be.
If I kill him for her sake, and put him to shame,
She hath promiste me her loue, to rewarde the same.

Pedante. ¶ Oh, Traditora. (diuen to lay out my heart in my hose,

Crack-st. ¶ How am I bound to Mars, ẏ when my stomack so swelles ẏ I am
He sowes vp my gorget with the slaughter of my foes.
I'le goe put on my Horslittor, & the rest of mine Armor straight,
And here about her house for him I will waight. 1080
Euery night she saith, he comes sneaking heer by,
But if he come now, I will handle him trimly. Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Goe goodman Goose, prouide you, & arme you as well as you can,
Lay about you, and play the proper man.
In tempore veni, I came hether in the nicke,
My master shall speedely heare of this tricke.
Yet will I goe forward with my busnesse as I decreede,
And trye how well of my purpose I am like to speede.
Tic toc, vna limosina al poueretto,
Date Signora per l'amour di Dio. 1090

Attilia. ¶ Who is there?

pedante. ¶ Your charitie good mistresse,

Attilia. ¶ Enter and take it,

pedante. ¶ God rewarde you good mistresse, I will not forsake it. Exit.

The third Act being doone, the Consort sounds a sollemne Dump.

Actus quarta. Scena prima. 1097

Enter Medusa and Pamphila.

O Happie is I trust that Doctors soule by whom I learnde,
This famous Arte, and easely by it my liuing earnde.
O that he knew how deere his life and learning was to me,
O ẏ he could but for his death my grieke and sorrowe see.

pamphila. ¶ Medusa, if I did not keare my honour and my name,
Would soone be lost hereby, and turne my credite into shame.
I would become thy Scholler, but I blush to speake of it,

¶ No Pamphila, for such a mistresse thou art farre vnfit. Medusa.
What talkst thou of thy name, and honour likely to be lost,
By learning of myne Arte? which should be honord of the moste.
And more esteemde then Phisike.
¶ Why? 1110 Pamphila[
¶ That's easy to be proued, Medusa.
For, as by Phisikes learned skill, diseases be remoued.
So by my cunning, euery smarte that doth afflict the minde,
Is put to chace, for euery grieke, a remedy I finde.
‡ And haue you any salue for loue? Pamphila.
¶ I haue. Medusa.
‡ Whereof is it made? Pamphila.
¶ Of diuers things, simple, and mixte, according to my trade. Medusa.
¶ Then if for loue, or mony, you will graunt me my requeste, Pamphila.
Let me once by your cunning see, my mistresse haue some reste.
¶ Whome serue you then? Medusa.
¶ Forsooth, I serue mistresse Virginia. 1122 Pamphila.
¶ Yet farther, let me craue your name. Medusa.
¶ My name is pamphila. Pamphila.
¶ What's her disease? Medusa.
¶ Nothing but loue. Pamphila.
¶ How fareth she with it? Medusa.
¶ Sad, sicke, and sore, with sorrow pinde, and dispolleste of wit. Pamphila.
¶ Whome loueth she? Medusa.
¶ Fedele. 1130 Pamphila.
¶ And how long hath she bin so? Medusa.
¶ I know not, yet I geste, that she sickned a yeere agoe. Pamphila.
¶ What if I helpe her? tell me who shall please me for my paine? Medusa.
¶ My selfe, because vnknowen to her, I seeke her health to gaine. Pamphila.
¶ A louing seruant, goe thy wayes and leaue it all to me. Medusa.
But harke thee.
¶ What? Pamphila.
¶ Let me haue passage to her lodging free. Medusa.
That when she little thinkes thereof, my Medcins I may make,
By vertue of the which, her wounded heart may comfort take.
The lesse she lookes for remedy, 1141
the more is her delight, when t'is obtaynde.
¶ Then let's be gon. Pamphila.

¶ Content,

Medusa. ¶Content, for it is night.
And yonder comes Fedele with Fortunio hand in hande,
To shunne suspect, they shal not see vs talking here to stãde. Exit.

Actus quarta. Scena secunda.

Enter Fedele and Fortunio togither.

Fedele. ¶Come Sir Fortunio, now is the time to put you out of doubt, 1149
Whether Victoria loue you, or your dealings doe but floute.
Here let vs shrowde our selues a while, that standing out of sight,
We may perceiue what louers haunt Victoriaes house by night.
Fortunio. ¶Agreede, this is the fittest time to passe the streete,
And giue her musike at her windowe, for a gallant meete.
Fedele. ¶Whiste, for her doore beginnes to creake,
Fortunio. ¶It doeth in deede. Enter Pedante disguised, comming forth
Fedele. ¶I see. of Victoriaes house.
Fortunio. ¶A man me thinkes, O let me goe.
Fedele. ¶Stay Sir, be ruled by me,
Pedante. ¶O delicate Victoria so long as I liue, 1160
For this entertainement, great thankes will I giue.
The remembrance of the sweetenesse of this night so well past,
Will feede me with hony whyle my life doeth last. Exit.
Fortunio. ¶A villane, let me goe Fedele, let me goe I say:
I will reuenge this iniurie before he get away.
Fedele. ¶Not so, for raising of a tumult in the streete so late,
And troubling of the watche that stande armed at euery gate.
Fortunio. ¶Out strumpet, I will make thee now a mirror to this towne,
A pointing stocke to euery one that passeth vp and downe.
Fedele. ¶How will you be reuenged? 1170
Fortunio. ¶By sworde, and sheathe it in her breste,
Fedele. ¶Be not too swift to serue her so, I thinke it were not beste.
Fortunio. ¶And why?
Fedele. ¶Because that if you kill her, then your selfe you doe defame,
Discredite her, and put her house, and kindred vnto shame.
Thus you shall euer walke in feare of those you neuer sawe,
Besides, her friendes will trippe at you, by danger of the lawe.
Fortunio. ¶How shall I be reuenged then?
Fedele. ¶Giue her a Fico out of hande,

So

¶So should I scape, but the reuenge in little steede would stande. Fortunio.
For she should die, and none should know the villainie she did,
But euery tong ere long shall talke of that, that I haue spide. 1182
Some other way I will deuise,
¶Doe so, for I'le be gone. Exit. Fedele.
¶And I will see what this Victoria saith to me anon, Fortunio.
Who is there within? Knocke at her doore.

Actus quarta. Scena tertia.

Enter Victoria and Attilia to Fortunio.

¶Mistresse, beholde Fortunio. Attilia.
¶I come to him, welcome good Sir. 1190 Victoria,
¶Out Hipocrite, no, no, Fortunio,
How do you like your other loue?
¶I like of none, but you. Victoria.
¶Tush, holde your peace, I had as liue you tolde me that it snew. Fortunio.
Euen now came one out of thy house, who bidding thee farewell,
Triumphed of thy courtesie, and said it did excell.
¶Come hither mayde, what haue you done? tell me, Victoria.
why doe you weepe?
¶T'is no matter mistresse, you thinke I let in my companions Attilia.
when you are a sleepe. 1200
¶But seeing you haue no better confidence in me,
Pay me my wages, I'le be gone, your seruant no longer will I be.
Seeing you goe about, me so much to disgrace,
Prouide for your selfe, I can haue more wages in another place.
¶Peace peeuish foole, I thinke not so, yet let me aske I pray, Victoria.
Because to slaunder me, you heare what Fortunio doeth say.
¶I force not what he saith, I know my conscience to be cleare, Attilia.
¶And so is mine, although so stoutly he reproue me heer. 1208 Victoria,
¶Then had I neither listning eares to heare, nor eyes to see, Fortunio.
Sithe they faile not, I'le credite them, and giue no heede to thee.
But trust to it, and looke for it, thou shalt repent at last,
That ere thou bleard'st Fortunioes sighte with such a iugling cast.
¶It booteth not to speake to him, he is in such a heate, Victoria.
But I durst lay my life Fedele wrought this feate.
¶It may be so. Attilia.
¶Thy falshood and thy Sorcerie, at length I haue perceiu'de, Fortunio.

But by thy subtile traine, no longer will I be deceiu'de.

Victoria. ¶ I said, it was Fedeles deede, but Crack-stone is too slow,
To cut him off, before this rumors roote beginne to grow.

Attilia. ¶ Mistresse, I'le seeke Crack-stone, and haste him to the deede, 1220
Els I perceiue that very ill, your selfe is like to speede.

Victoria. ¶ Doe so, and till I see Fortunioes angry moode be past,
T'is best out of his presence to conueighe my selfe in haste.
Farewell Sir Fortunio, thinke as you finde me. Exeunt Victo.

Fortunio. ¶ I will, and will reuenge it as farre as you binde me. & Attilia.
Fye hartlesse wretche, slowthfull, and that that's more,
Yet vnreuenged, why did I stay my hand?
Why did I not her faithlesse body gore?
Whiles in my power before me she did stand.
Why did I not for to fulfill my vowe: 1230
Doe that, which none would couer nor allowe?
Her treason makes my raging thoughts to swell,
Beyonde the boundes of all humanitie,
Her falshoode driues the Furies out of hell.
To practise straunge and extreame crueltie.
Yet neither rancoures force, nor ougly fiende,
Hath scourge ynough for such a double friende.
But yet before reuenge my furie take,
I'le offer seruice to Virginia.
Least euery dame here after me forsake, 1240
When it is knowen how I vsed Victoria.
Good lucke, Medusa heer me thinkes I see,
A cunning broker, very fit for mee.

Actus quarta. Scena quarta.

Enter Medusa, with a Pedlers Basket vnder her arme, to Fortunio.

Medusa. ¶ Mytoyle so great, rewarde so small,
that euery man dooth giue,
Hath made me weary of my trade, vncertaine how to liue. 1249

Fortunio. ¶ Well met Medusa, whether goest thou with thy Packe so late?

Medusa. ¶ I was abroade to sell my wares, at euery Ladies gate.
But being ouertaken thus by night, I hie me home,

Till

Till Fortune send a better market, for the worlde is done.
¶ What hast thou solde? Fortunio.
¶ Nothing but wordes, Medusa.
¶ What hast thou got? Fortunio,
Nothing but winde: Medusa.
¶ That market thou mighst well haue kept, Fortunio.
and yet haue left thy Packe behinde,
¶ Not so, for by the carriage that within my 1260 Medusa.
prettie Packe I haue,
I enter in those Ladies chambers,
that I finde both fine and braue.
And vnder colour of the trifles I beare about to sell,
I pleade for such as you good Syr,
that feele by loue the force of hell.
¶ What hast thou there? Fortunio.
¶ Calles Gorgets, Heares, Powders to make a Ball, Medusa.
Vallentia Gloues, and Venice Rolles,
to rubbe the teeth withall. 1270
Laces, Purses, Rings, Buckes, Wyers, and Glasses fine,
Bracelettes, Perfumes, Stilled waters, Sops in wine.
Pinnes, Bodkins, Staies, and other kinde of stuffe,
No more but tell me what you lacke,
and you shall haue ynough.
A thousand knackes I haue,
to vtter, which I must be slow,
Because they are so secret, as becomes not you to knowe.
¶ Neither am I importunate, to wring it out of thee, Fortunio.
Yet must I craue thee now, to showe thy selfe a friend to mee. 1280
¶ Wherein? Medusa.
¶ Euen in the loue that I to faire Virginia beare. Fortunio.
¶ I doubte it is too harde a tacke, she loues Fedele so, Medusa.
That she by no meanes can be wonne, Fedele to forgo.
¶ Yet doe thy best, to moue my sute. Fortunio.
¶ The best I can I will, Medusa.
And ransacke euery corner of my wittes to shewe my skill.
Either it must be done by crafte, or Magicke, which you please,
¶ By Crafte, or Magicke, which you liste, Fortunio.
so I may purchase ease. 1290

Medusa. ¶Sir, first by deceit I'le trie how I can bring the same about,
If shiftes doe faile, Enchaunted herbes shall put you out of doubt.
I will vnto her lodging straight, and stay your comming there,
Within an houre or halfe, to followe, see you doe not feare.
I'le tell her that I meane to bring Fedele to her bed,
When lightes are out, and sleepe is crept into her fathers head.
When you are in and halfe vnbrace, a tumult will I make,
And call her father vp, you in her chamber there to take.
You know age will suspect the worst, and when he sees you so,
Will force you then to marrie her, whether shee will or no. 1300
Besides, when that the brute heer of is blowen in euery place,
Fedele and all other suters, will forsake the chace.
Loe, thus by subtiltie you shall possesse the dame you crau'de,
And yet by me when all is tolde, her honour shall be sau'de.
Fortunio. ¶This is as well as can be wishte, depart I pray thee straight.
Medusa. ¶I goe, forget not you to come. Exit.

Actus quarta. Scena quinta.

Enter Fedele with Pedante, and with them, two
Watch-men with Billes.

Fortunio. ¶Upon thee will I waighte. 1310
See where Fedele comes, because he shall not me suspecte,
I will auoyde the streetes a while, that nothing me detecte. Exit.
Fedele. ¶And is it so Pedante?
Pedante. ¶It is as I tell ye.
Attilia tolde me, that her mistresse had made a request,
To Crack-stone, to sheathe his sworde in your brest. (tent,
Besides I goe as you knowe, disguised to the house for an other in-
I sawe him come thence, bragging what he would doe,
in the streetes as he went. 1119
Fedele. ¶Alas poore soule, I know he dare scarce looke a flye in the face,
But seest thou this? I will prouide my Captaine to disgrace.
Come on my friendes, goe you and set this net at the Lanes end,
For when he comes, my sworde vpon this Gallant will I bend.
And crye aloude arme, arme, as though our enemies had the wall,
He hearing this, will take his heeles and let his anger fall.
We will pursue him so, that we will driue him to the net,

When

When he is in, pull you the cordes, for that same purpose set.
And make him fast, then will we leade him hampred in the same,
With mirth and glee about the towne, to put him to the shame.
Goe set it vp. 1330
¶ We will. Watchmē
¶ Ah, Sirra, I perceiue we shall goe a batfowling this night, Pedante.
I would ye Captaine would come, that of this pretie sport I might (haue a sight.
¶ Whiste, not aworde, for he is at hande, Fedele.
Come let vs both priuily in ambush stande.

Actus quarta. Scena sexta.

Enter Captaine Crack-stone, armed like a Champion.

¶ Now shall my valerostie appeare vnto all, Crack-st.
How I can kill men, and serue a woman at her call.
My gr[ ]test grieke is, that in dooing this feate, 1340
I am sure my honour will not be so greate.
As when I giue a charger to my foes in the open feelde,
Or put Citties into sackes, and make thousandes to yeelde.
To bring Fedele to the Counter, is but to fight with a flie,
There is neither praise, pride, nor prouidence in the victorie.
Therefore take heede Crack-stone what you doe,
You hazarde your good name, your honour standes on tip toe.
To kill a Gentlemā ye neuer ought me malice, is more thē crueltie,
And to kill him for a woman, will bring me vtterly to infantie.
Shall I kill him then? peraduenture yea: shall I let him go? 1350
Peraduenture I may, peraduenture no.
Oh single deuise, here is a braine I beleeue,
Able to shoote birdboltes of inuentiōs, from my head into my sleeue.
I will make a great noyse before Victoriaes doore in the streete,
As though at this present with Fedele I did meete.
Then will I runne to her house amayne,
And make her beleeue that Fedele is slayne.
Then before that she heare any newes of his like,
I'le haue her to the Priest, and make her my wife.
Haue euen at it as well as I can, Fight with the Ayre.
Ah Villaines, thus many of you set vpon a naked man.
Drawe on my good fellowes and spare not, strike home, 1362
Ah cowardly Dastardes, so sone be you gone?

F]edele. ¶ Arme, Arme, Arme.
P]edante. ¶ Kill, kill, kill.
F]edele. ¶ Downe with Crack-stone.
P]edante. ¶ Giue me a Bill. Heere Crack-stone runnes into the net, Fedele
F]edele. ¶ Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the stage.
C]rack-st. ¶ Out alas where am I now? 1369
P]edante. ¶ Faste ynough by this time I trow.
Is this my lusty kill Cow, that will eate vp so many men at a bit,
And when he deales with a shadowe will not stand to it?

Enter Fedele and two or three other, leading Crack-stone in the net, singing.

BE still my mates, that keepe the gates,
When euery watch is set:
Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,
Your Captaine in a net.
Heigh ho Crack-stone, heigh ho Crack-stone.
A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue, 1380
Heigh hoe, Crack-stone, lustie and braue.
‡Now souldiers all, forsake the wall,
Your foes haue got the towne,
Manhood is fled, God Mars is dead,
Your Captaine is a clowne.
Heigh ho Crack-stone, Heigh ho Crack-stone,
A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,
Victoria Heigh ho Crack-stone, lusty and braue. 1388
out at her Attilia, come hither streight, some sturre is in the streete,
windowe. Me thinkes I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their feete.
Fedele. ¶ Ah Sir, you meant to kill me you, to please Victoria,
But now I trust to make of thee a poore Crack-stone, if I may.
Crack-st ¶ If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not
I had made you euery one into corners to creepe. (bene a sleepe,
T'is the Fortune of warre, lucke runnes not euer to one side,
Therefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.
I am not strong Sampier to breake out of your hands,
But oh ỳ some little hogry Mouse, would gnaw a sunder my bãds.
I would giue you such a frezado, or cãuazado, take which you please
As should be small to your comfort, and little to your ease. 1400
Pedante. ¶ Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Till

Till his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him in.
¶ Mistresse, I can not tell what is best to be saide, Attilia.
Once more I perceiue you are betraide.
I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,
And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.
¶ Art thou sure that it is so? 1407 Victoria.
¶ Haue an eye to the ende. Attilia.
¶ Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend. Here they Fedele.
¶ Then let him be led through euery streete in ye towne, bring him Pedante.
That euery crackrope, may throw rottē egs at ye clown. singing vn
¶ Hoe, Victoria if ye be awake, rise & looke out I pray, to Victor. Fedele.
¶ The hunt is vp, windowe. Crack-st.
And fooles be fledg'de before the perfect day. Shrinke in & looke
¶ Who calles? out againe. Victoria.
¶ Fedele: See the Champion, whome you set to murder me, Fedele.
This deed throughout the Citie, shortly shall dishonour thee.
¶ Out, I defie him. Victoria.
¶ What sayest thou Attilia? 1419 Fedele.
¶ He is a knaue, I denie him. Attilia.
¶ Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone, Crack-st
I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?
¶ By my mistresse and me good man Coward, doe you know what Attilia.
Take ye Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a chā-
¶ A rope on all whores, will you drinke any Ale, ber pot on his Crack-st
I thinke she crownde me with a potle of stale. head.
This drinke was ill brued, and might haue bene sparde, 1427
The very graines of the Malte, stickes fast to my bearde.
¶ You will tell me more anon, when euery maide in this towne, Pedante.
Hath emptied her almes box on the top of your crowne. (me go,
¶ Alas good maister Fedele, as you are a Gentleman, no farther let Crack-st
I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other mē are,
Consider I am a man, subiect to ye same pressing-yron of ye minde ye
For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.
I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,
That I could haue bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to
Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part, (hell.
and be reuenged vpon her, before I doe reste,
Set the gun-shot of tyrannie to the bulwarkes of my breste.

Cut

Cut off my Rammes hornes, and breake into the belfrie, 1440
And blesse the cursed dayes of my virginitie.

P]edante. ¶He rowles in his Retorike as an Ape in his tayle,
Wynde and tide at commaundement, he flyes with full sayle.

F]edele. ¶So that thou seeke all meanes thou canst, Victoria to deface,
And blaze her in eache company, and strike her in disgrace.
I let thee goe. Let him out of the net.

Crack-st ¶Unhoode me I pray,
I am as wearie of my cariage as a Dogge of his day.

Pedante. ¶Slacke the cordes there my masters, giue him sea-roome in haste,
Close ayre is not holsome for Gallants to taste. 1450

Crack-st ¶Now I beginne to feele my heart by little & little rise out of my (hose,
Yet the sente of this water, is still in my nose.
I thinke I am the perplexionablest man that liues at this day,
For I would faine be reuenged of Victoria, and I know not which (way.

Pedante. ¶Follow my counsell, and be ruled by mee,
Then shalt thou see Captaine, what I'le doe for thee.
I'le teache thee a way, to crye quittance with her before it be long,
And make her recant her chatering at window with an other song.

Crack-st ¶Gramercy Pediculus, thou art the comfortablest fellowe
that euer I did see, 1460
I thinke thou wast borne vnder some merry Planet,
in the time of diuersitie.

Fedele. ¶Now sith Victoriaes name is like for euer to be lost,
Further reuenge I will not seeke, as I to her did boste.
Because that as my selfe vniustly seru'd Virginia.
So am I now iustly requited by Victoria.
Therefore Pedante goe, and pardon of Virginia craue,
And tell her that I will be hers,

Pedante. ¶That's it she would haue.
But I beseech you Sir, tarry till the day be light, 1470
I am loth to goe stumbling in the streetes this night,

Fedele. ¶Then till the morning let it rest, but early see thou rise,
And doe my message in the meekest sort thou canst deuise.
Meanewhyle wee'le home and take a sleepe, Exit with them that
for I am ouer-watcht. helde the net.

Pedante. ¶Very well Sir, beare you the net after,
I haue some busnesse with the Captaine to be dispatcht.

Now

Now maister Captaine come with me,
for as soone as my maister to bed I haue brought,
You shall see what a thing for you I haue wrought. 1480
And because you haue determined on Victoria to reuenge your
It must be done this night or neuer, time doe not prolong. (wrõg,
As her flatterie this night, bring did you in bandes,
So this night I shall deliuer her into your handes.
¶ Then let vs away and our selues prouide, Crack-st.
Thou knowest the paruerbe, no body taries for the tide. Exeunt.

The fourth Act being ended, the Consort soundeth
a pleasant Allemaigne.

Actus quinta. Scena prima.
Enter Fortunio alone. 1490

I Knowe Virginia loues Fedele best,
Medusa likewise may be sent to slowte:
My selfe her fauour neuer yet possest,
If none of these, yet all may make me doubte.
How seruice should with bright triumphing face,
Disperse the cloudes, that put my ioyes to chace.
Yet if Fedele be not lik'te alone,
Or if Medusa of true promise be:
Or faire Virginia will be mou'de by mone. 1499
If not all these, yet one may pleasure me.
Therefore, to giue the watch word I'le beginne, Whistle.
Good lucke, the doore opens, I'le enter in. Exit.
Enter Atilia.
¶ Take heede Attilia, was not that Fortunio thou did'ste see? Attilia.
T'is now midnight, so late abroade i'th streete what maketh he?
I see Pedante is not heer, I muse he meetes me not,
I litle thought he could so soone his promise haue forgot.
If he be maister of his word, and loue me as his life,
The time is come to shewe the same, and take me for his wife.
Actus quinta. Scena secunda. 1510
Enter Pedante and Crack-stone with the Beggers weede.
Come on Sir apace, what makes you so slacke?
Presently put me this Robe on your backe.

Now get you vp along the streete, and be not afrayde,
There shall you meete Victoria, in the apparell of her mayde.
Thinking you thus disguised, to be Fortunio,
Very ready you shall finde her with you to go.
When you haue her, hold fast, for she will not resist, 1518
Woe her, wed her, bedde her, and vse her as you list.
Either now or neuer, your desire you shall haue,
Or be reuenged on the entertainement that out of her window to (you she gaue.

Crack-st. ¶See the force of loue, how it is able for a neede,
To shrowde a braue minde in a base kinde of weede.
Maister Pediculus, or Pedantonie, I am not very prospect in your (name,
If this geare fall out, I shall be bound while I liue,
to thanke you for the same.

Pedante. ¶I would not be he that should so couragious a Captaine,
and valiant Gentleman deceiue.
Therefore trie me, & trust me, for this time I purpose to take my (leaue

Crack-st. ¶Farewell little Pastrie, Exit.
If I may meete with Mistresse Victoriarie heer.
Thinking that Fortunio in this place, to her will appeare. 1532
Either I will make her incant the former words that she spake,
When she defied me, & denied that she wild me to kil Fedele for her
Or I will backe beate her, & belly beate her too too pitifully, (sake.
You know loue is a fire, and they say fire and water hath no mercy.
But first I will speake her faire, because to be plaine,
Commonly faire fooles make wordes and perswasions to be faine.

Attilia. ¶Alas how long in the streete shall I for my Pedante stay?
He promised to meete me heer, and steale me quite away. 1540
Some body in the streete I heare, I trust the same is hee,
And so I doe perswade me, by the beggers weede I see.

Crack-st ¶I'le beleeue Pediculus againe another day,
For yonder in Alice tittle tattles parrell the Mistresse dooth stay,
O ỳ I had some of Pediculus Schoole-butter to make me a lip salue,
Or could but wet my tonge in his inkhorne,
for women will herken when we speake braue.
O thou that carriest a ball of wilde fire in thine eye,
to burne vp my heart,
What shall I say more, to set out my smarte. 1550
The time will not suffer to shew my prosperitie,

Therefore

Therefore I committe you to the Gods for lacke of bryuitie.

Actus quinta. Scena tertia.

Enter Sbirri the Captaine of the watche, with some Soldiers, and with him Mistresse Victoria.

¶See how Pedante counterfeites Crack-stone in talke, Attilia.
Thereby we shall escape, and through the watch in saketie walke.
¶Captaine Sbirri, this night my maide Attilia ran away, Victoria.
Her I beseeche you, if she be not past the watch, to stay.
Some thing I doubt that she hath stolne, and carried to her mates,
Therefore I pray beset the streetes, and all the citie gates.
¶Mistresse Victoria I will, but some bodie I see, 1562 Sbirri.
¶Steppe to them bothe and take them streight, Victoria
for sure the same is shee.
¶Come mine own Parragon, Crack-st.
I know thou hast tarried for me all this while,
Therefore follow me streight,
least the lickorish Souldiers meete vs, and me beguile.
¶Softe not to fast, Sbirri.
but stay I charge you in the Princes name, 1570
¶God saue the Princes grace, Crack-st.
and put his enemies to shame.
Wee are the Kings friendes,
I would you should well knowe,
Therefore trouble vs no farther, but let vs goe.
The kings head is occupied with matters of great importunitie,
I know he is not conswapted,
at this time to speake with me.
We are peace-able people,
we haue no weapons heere, 1580
We are neither drunke nor sober,
nor make any steere.
Get you to your places, keepe the watch as you should,
And wee'le to our lodging you may be bould.
¶Nay Sir, we will know your name, Sbirri.
and eke the place where you haue beene,

Whether you goe, night-walkers heer are very seldom seene.

Crack-st ¶Then I pray you, what make you abroade so late? 1588

T'is longing to your office to keepe the gate.

As for our names, I know of no such commencement you haue,

Why you should be so pearchant the same to craue.

Attilia. ¶We haue bin forth at supper Sir, i'the towne with a good friend,

And now we are returning home, nigh at our yournies end.

Victoria. ¶What Minion, are you there indeede?

Attilia. ¶My Mistresse, out alas,

Beholde Pedante we are tane, how shall we doe to passe?

Crack-st, ¶I hold fourty pound I am Unckled, I would Pediculus were heer,

I would meete with the scalde Squitterbe-booke for this geare.

Sbirri. ¶Is this your mayde?

Crack-st. ¶It is. 1600

Sbirri. ¶Lay hold on her with speede,

Let vs see what Vagabonde is hid within this weede.

Crack-stone? Whowe?

Crack-st. ¶And whowe too then, did you neuer see man before?

I am not taken in deuowtrie, therefore wonder no more.

Attilia. ¶A halter come to him, is it hee?

Sbirri. ¶Sorrie I am good Captaine, you in such a case to see.

Heer you are taken with this mayde, which is like to be tachte

Of fellonie, and accessarie you with her are cachte.

Crack-st. ¶I steale nothing from women but their honestie: 1610

Which is as good, as he that robbes the Printer of a Bible,

because he would studie Diuinitie.

Actus quinta. Scena quarta.

Enter Fortunio running halfe vnreadie, after him Ottauiano the father to mistresse Virginia, and Medusa with a spitte in her hande, and to them Fedele and Pedante, with weapons in their handes.

Ottaui. ¶Stoppe, stoppe.

Sbirri. ¶What meaneth this? come bende your weapons at them all,

Whome shall we stoppe? 1620

and what's the cause that makes you thus to call?

Fedele. ¶Pedante, take thy sworde, Fedele and Pedante speake out at a windowe within.

arise let's goe into the streete,

Some

Some wondrous broyle I doubt there is,
¶ I am so fast wrapt in the vpper sheete. Pedante.
That I can not get out, I pray you make not such haste,
Till you thinke that the hottest of the broile be paste.
¶ Stay Captaine, lay no handes on me, a Gentleman I am, Fortunio[
And will not flitte,
¶ Woe worth the time that to my house he came. 1630 Ottaui.
¶ Ottauiano, what's the cause of your lamenting crye? Sbirri.
Let's knowe, hath Sir Fortunio done you any iniurie?

Enter Fedele and Pedante with weapons.

¶ Come quickely man, let's see this Pageant ere it take an ende, Fedele.
¶ He that breaks me of my sleepe, is none of my freende, Pedante.
¶ Ah wretche that am I alas, and halfe vndone, Virginia.
¶ What strange kinde of broyle is this that is begonne? Pedante.
¶ Is it Fortunio in deede? This is thy treacherie, Medusa. Ottaui.
¶ Mine, alas good Sir, you doe me iniurie, Medusa.
I graunt that after I had brought my young mistresse to bed, 1640
Feeling the sleepe shut vp mine eyes,
and drouping with my head,
I laide me downe to take my rest, and so with haste forgot,
To locke the doores about the house, and how it comes God wot,
I can not tell, but when I set a nap and wooke againe,
I heard a bustling in the darke, and then did I complaine.
And cryed aloude to you for helpe, whereat immediatly,
This Gentleman withdrewe him selfe, and foorth began to flye.
¶ Master. Pedante.
¶ What sayst thou? 1650 Fedele.
¶ Your cake is dowe, Pedante.
¶ It killes me to thinke on it: the greater my woe. Fedele.
¶ This is lucke nidget with all my heart, Crack-st
¶ I am glad, that I haue some body to take my part.
But oh that my handes were at liberalitie now to strike,
I would set my Gramariner a lesson to pike.
¶ Ah Sir Fortunio, vse you thus the man that lou'de you best, Ottaui.
Take him, this villainie shall not be turned to a iest.
¶ Quiet your selfe Ottauiano, sith it is so past, Sbirri.
The brute will not be called backe so long as life doth last. 1660
His punishment makes not your daughter as she was before,

But giue her vnto him to wife, and talke of it no more.
His liuing is as good as yours, make vp the match with speede,
Ottaui. ¶ Neede hath no lawe, I am content, if they be bothe agreede.
Virginia. ¶ Alas I neuer knew the man, he neuer toucht me yet,
I loue Fedele, and he alone is for Virginia fit?
Fedele. ¶ I'le take no wife at second hande, thankes for your curteſie,
Let him that hath poſſeſt your honor, weare the ſame for me.
Pedante. ¶ In euery Tennis Court in the world, falſe play it is found,
To take vp the Ball at the ſecond rebound. 1670
Fortunio. ¶ Virginia, if that you can be content,
To like of him that loues you in his heart:
Giue me your hand, and if your minde be bent,
To marrie me, I neuer meane to parte.
My life, and liuing, more you can not craue,
Remaineth yours, doe now but alke and haue.
Virginia. ¶ I thanke you Sir, in that it pleaſeth you to vſe me ſo,
My promiſe was nigh graunted to Fedele long ago.
Fortunio. ¶ But he hath now forſaken you.
Fedele. ¶ Virginia, you are free, 1680
Aſſure your ſelfe, your marriage neuer ſhall be ſtaide by me.
Virginia. ¶ Then if you loue I will be yours.
Fortunio. ¶ Shall I haue your good will?
Ottaui. ¶ You haue.
Fortunio. ¶ I loue you then, and meane to loue you ſtill.
Meduſa. ¶ Now man and wife, Ottauiano hearken vnto me,
Although this Gallant in Virginiaes chamber you did ſee.
Yet is her honour as it was, vnſpotted by the ſame,
And kept by me, which euer had regarde vnto her name.
Fortunio made his mone and ſaid, he lou'de Virginia beſt, 1690
Virginia for Fedeles ſake could neuer take her reſt.
His minde was on Victoria, Virginia light eſteemde,
Now that Virginiaes life and libertie might be redeemde.
I brought Fortunio to the houſe when ſhe was faſt a ſleepe,
And cloſe this night into her chamber both of vs did creepe.
I made him to vnbrace him ſelfe, and preſently did call
For you to come, as though ſome greater matter did befall.
You came, he fled, and now is taken in Fedeles ſight,
As though Virginia had diſhonoured beene by him this night.

Which

Which is not so, but this was done to bleare the gazers eyes, 1700
To pleasure him, and saue her life, this thing did I deuise.
¶ O mischieuous head, maister did you heare this geare, Pedante.
Such a girle is worth golde in a deare yeere.
¶ I Ipse tipse, tittle, tittle elke amen, Crack-st.
Such a wench is not be found in the worldagaine.
I haue heard it often, and nowe I do proue,
That women are suttle wormes for the conuariance of loue.
¶ If this be true I ioy? Ottaui.
¶ Els take my head, Fortunio.
I came not nigh Virginia, although she were in bed. 1710
¶ Fortunio you are quitte with me, for when we lay in scowte, Fedele.
To watch by faire Victoriaes house, who passed in and out.
It was my man disguilde, that issued forth out of the same,
That for the nonce by me was set, to call Victoria by her name.
He went vnto Attilia, with counterfeited loue,
That by his meanes, from fayre Victoria I might you remoue.
You seeing him, and hearing when he came footh, what he said,
Thought he had bene with her,
when he had bene but with the maide.
Whereat you stormde, and left the chace 1720
of her that lou'de you deere,
Which is no grieke at all to me, that hopes to winne her heere.
Therefore Victoria now forget Fortunio which is loste,
And loue Fedele, who for you, yet neuer spared coste.
Let fall thy wrath, for giue me too, that meanes to be thine owne,
T'is seldome seen but warres haue end, whē foes are ouerthrown.
¶ Sith you haue so preuented me, and perfect loue protesle, Victoria.
I will put vp the iniurie, and yours for euer rest.
¶ My nose is ioynted, I may goe shoe the Golling now if I will, Crack-st,
He that eats with ẏ deuil without a long spoone, his fare wil be ill.
What spirits of the Buttry were abroad this night,
I haue beene so hard harted to mine enemies, 1732
that I thinke all the Gods of loue ought me a spite.
I graunt I am none of these fine Criminadoes,
that can tumble in a Genlewomās lap, and rumble in her eare,
But without vauntage be it spoken,
I am as good as the best at the push of a speare.

I can

I can cut and slash to make mine enemies to bleede. (steede.
And pricke it proudly I tell you, when I am surmounted vpon my

S]birri. ¶Mistresse Victoria, now I see this onely rests to knowe, 1740
What shall be done vnto your mayde, or shall we let her goe?

V]ictoria. ¶Sith with Crack-stone this night, you tooke my maide so shorte,
To prison with her if you please, to cut off her resorte.

A]ttilia. ¶Good mistresse beare with me, I tooke no hurt by him at all,
But meane to tell you iustly how the matter did befall.
The Schoolemaister that on Fedele euer dooth attende,
Promi'ste to marrie me this night, my seruile life to ende.
Upon whose woord, from you I fled, and staide for him in the streete
Where I against my will, with this Crack-stone did meete.

Crack-st ¶Bowle to thy biase, master Pediculus, I pray you take your wife,
You and I for this matter will not stande at strife. 1751
Are you bememberde what you said when you consulted with me,
To come hether in this parrell secretly.

Pedante. ¶What maister Crack-stone, and mistresse Attilia,
you are welcome to the buttes,

Crack-st ¶Welcome with a Knaues name, I beshrumpe your guttes.

Pedante. ¶Why so Sir? (should see.

Crack-st. ¶Didst not thou tell me, that in this parrell mistresse Victoria I
This night in the streete to be compensed of my iniurie,

Pedante. ¶So you may if you please, take your eyes in your hande, 1760
Turne about Sir, and see where Victoria doth stande.
And as for Attilia, as you brew, so bake,
I am not so base minded your leauings to take.

Attilia. ¶Why maister Pedante, will you serue me so?

Pedante. ¶I must I perceiue whither I will or no.

Crack-st. ¶Drawe Villaine.

Sbirri. ¶Soft there Crack-stone, be not too rash to proffer fight,
You and this mayde together in the darke were tane this night.
The matter is suspitious, sith he forsaketh her,
To take her to your wife no time you should deferre. 1770
We cannot force her vpon him, sith she was tane with you.
And howsoeuer you cloke it, none your meeting can allowe.

Crack-st ¶Well sith there is no remorse of conscience to be founde,
How saist thou Allice tittle tattle,
art thou content by loue to be bounde?

For

FEDELE AND FORTUNIO
THE TWO ITALIAN GENTLEMEN

301593
1-7-34.

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1909 [*SUPPLEMENT* 1933]

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY
BY JOHN JOHNSON AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

This Supplement has been prepared by the General Editor.

Dec. 1933. W. W. Greg.

Printed in Great Britain

When *The Two Italian Gentlemen* was included among the Malone Society's publications for 1909, the only copy of the play that could be traced was that in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. This was, therefore, used for the reprint in spite of its imperfect condition: it contained sheets B to G only, and lacked, as it later proved, two leaves at the beginning and two at the end (the last being a blank). Since then two other copies have appeared, or reappeared: one again imperfect, but containing the dedication-leaf (A2); the other perfect, including the final blank.

The Devonshire copy, after passing through the Huntington collection, is now in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington: the second imperfect copy (wanting A1 and H1,2), which had been seen and described by Collier (*History of Dramatic Poetry*, 1831, iii. 241–3), is now in the Henry E. Huntington Library in California: the perfect copy, which first came to notice in the Mostyn sale in 1919, is now also in the Folger collection.

The Collier and Mostyn copies, as they may for distinction be called, show important differences in the dedication. While the body of the epistle is the same in each, and is printed from one setting of the type, the heading and subscription vary: the Collier copy giving the writer's initials as 'A. M.' and the name of the dedicatee as 'Iohn Heardson, Esquier', while the Mostyn copy gives the writer's initials as 'M. A.' and the dedicatee's initials (only) as 'M. R.' It should be added that in the Mostyn copy the initials 'M. A.' are also found subscribed to the epilogue (on H1^{v}). Now, it is probable that the half-sheets at the beginning and the end (A^{2} and H^{2}) were in fact printed together as one sheet (especially as A is not signed), and we may presume that the initials

below the epilogue were varied in accordance with the signature to the epistle, though no copy of the 'A. M.' variant of H1 has survived.

Thanks to the kindness of the authorities in charge of the Folger and Huntington collections, it is now possible to complete the Society's edition of the play by issuing reprints of A1, A2, and H1 (H2 being blank) from the Mostyn copy, together with collotype reproductions of the Mostyn title-page and the Collier dedication.

Irregular Readings

Title, line 3	*Loue:*
Prologue, line 12	haue.
Text, line 1783	craue.

FEDELE and FORTVNIO.

The deceites in

Loue: excellently discoursed in a
very pleasaunt and fine conceited
Comoedie, of two Italian
Gentlemen.

Translated out of Italian, and set
downe according as it hath beene presented before the Queenes moste
excellent Maiestie.

At London
Printed for Thomas Hacket, and are to be solde at
his shop in Lumberd streete, vnder the
Popes head. Anno. 1585.

To the vvoorſhipfull,

and very courteous Gentleman, Maiſter
Iohn Heardſon, Eſquier, A. M. commendeth this pleaſaunt and fine conceited Comœdie.

Oorſhipfull Sir, my acquaintaunce with you is very little, which may impeach me of preſumption in this mine attempt: but the good report of your affable nature to euery one, giueth me hope to be entertained amongſt them. I commende to your freendly viewe this prettie Conceit, as well for the inuention, as the delicate conueiance thereof: not doubting but you will ſo eſteeme thereof, as it dooth very well deſerue, and I hartely deſire. As for my ſelfe, your good conſtruction will gather (I hope) the ſumme of my good will: which is more towards you then I will heere ſpeake of, and therefore is left to your wonted fauour to iudge of.

Your woorſhips to his power. A. M.

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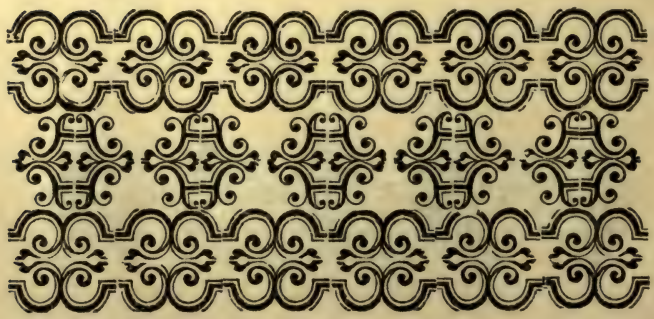
Your woorſhips to his
power. M. A.

The Prologue before *the Queene.*

ON euery ſyde where I this inſtant gaze,
The glimſe of honour dimmes my dazeled eye:
Which ſight may ſet a ſtouter in a maze,
And cheefely him that pende this Comœdie.
In whiche he vſde no thundering wordes of ſtate:
But clipt his winges, to keepe a meaner gate.

He ſhootes at mirth, yet if he miſſe that white,
Your Highneſſe pardon he dooth humbly craue: 10
Will wanted not to ſend his Arrowe right,
But ſith you pleaſe to ſee what mirth we haue.
With Phœbus caſt your fierie blaze aſyde:
That meaner men your preſence may abyde.

FINIS.



For euer and euer to be my wyfe.
To disobey me and dishonour me, all the daies of thy life?
¶ I am. Attilia.
¶ Then giue me thy hand, thou shalt neither take any right, Crack-st.
nor doe any wrong, 1780
We will haue a litter of young Captaines ere it be long.
¶ Fedele, sith that by Medusaes subtile sleight you haue, Ottaui.
Obtainde Victoria, whome before all creatures you did craue.
Please her with recompence, & then your loue shall most appeare.
¶ Looke what she did, was done for Sir Fortunio, not for mee, Fedele.
Yet sith she chaunste to pleasure me, she shall receiue a fee.
I giue to her my Schoole-maister.
¶ Like vnto like, and learning to skill, Pedante.
I pray thee speake, wilt thou haue me?
¶ Yea Sir, if you will. 1790 Medusa.
¶ I doe not thinke that thou canst be in loue with my lookes, Pedante.
And all the riches I haue consistes in my bookes.
Therefore I pray thee to tell me Medusa,
Canst thou be contented with Lillie, Linaker, and Cornucopia?
¶ I will be contented, whatsoeuer it be, Medusa.
If I may finde you contented with me.
¶ Giue me thy hand, I'le set vp a great Grammer schoole by & by, Pedante.
We shall thriue well ynough, it will tumble in roundly.
I'le teach boyes the Latin tongue, to write and to reade,
And thou little wenches, their needle and thred. 1800
Wee'le be as merry as Crickets, and loue out of measure,
Oh loue I can tell you is an excellent treasure.
But now good maister, this request by the way,
I beseech you let vs all be married vpon one day.
And let him be made maister of the Cock-pit in Lent,
That hath the first childe ere the yeere be spent.

The fift Act being done, let the Consort sound a cheerefull Galliard, and euery one taking handes together, departe singing.

FINIS.

The Epilogue at *the Court.*

Leaſt long delay your Highneſſe might offend,
Our Writer heere thought good his pen to ſtay:
Deſiring pardon if he did offend,
In ſhooting wyde, ſhort, o're, or any way.
And for our ſelues like courteſie we craue:
If that his Arrowes we miſſe-placed haue.

FINIS. M. A.

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